PLATO's

DIALOGUE

OF THE

Immortality of the Soul.

Tranſlated from the *Greek*,

By Mr. *THEOBALD*, Author of the Life of *Cato Uticenſis*.

Οὐ πολλοὶ ἄνθρωποι ζῶμεν χείνον, ἀλλ' ἐπίκαιρον·
Ψυχὴ δ' ἀθάνατος, καὶ ἀγήρως ζῇ διὰ παντός. Phocyl.

——*Anne aliquas ad Cælum hinc ire putandum eſt*
Sublimes animas?——
Igneus eſt ollis vigor, & Cæleſtis Origo
Seminibus,—— Virg.

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THE PREFACE.

THE *Town having receiv'd the Tragedy of* Cato *with ſo general an Applauſe, and a conſiderable Part both of its Audience and Readers being unacquainted with the Motives from which the Death of the Hero, the principal Incident of the Play, ariſes; I thought it could not be improper to ſet that Action in a full Light, by a Tranſlation of this Dialogue of* Plato *on the Immortality of the Soul. It being the very Treatiſe, which* Cato *read no leſs than twice before he kill'd himſelf: The Treatiſe which ſhew'd him all the Calamities of Life magnified and redoubled, which made him juſtly weary of ſo frail a Being, while it pointed out to him a bright Dependance of Fu-*

turity, a Diſengagement from corporeal Pain and Anxiety, and an Eternal Reſort of Happineſs for the Soul, purchaſed by Virtue.

I ſhall here give a ſhort Account how Plato *has introduc'd this* Dialogue, *what are its principal Aims, and what the Proofs by which thoſe Aims are ſupported.*

The Athenians (*who were a People ſo bigotted to their Idolatries and Superſtitions, that they were perpetually apprehenſive of any Innovations which offer'd at ſubverting their Principles, or intruding on them new Points of Faith, tho' they freed them from Errors*) *indited* Socrates, *who labour'd to bring them to the Knowledge of the true God, of Impiety, of diſowning his Country's Gods, introducing new Deities, and corrupting the Youth with* Doctrines *contrary to their* receiv'd Religion. *The Strength of the accuſing Faction, and the Prepoſſeſſions of the People in Prejudice of* Socrates, *effected his Condemnation by a* Majority *of* Two Hundred and Eighty One Votes: *After his*

his Sentence paſt, he was committed to Priſon, and after thirty Days Confinement had the Mortal Draught *adminiſter'd to him, which he drank off with wonderful Reſolution, and dy'd with a Serenity worthy of a* Philoſopher.

Plato (*who was a Diſciple of* Socrates) *took an Opportunity of honouring his* Great Maſter *in the Scene of his Death, and could not do it in a more effectual manner, than in putting the noble Arguments contain'd in this Dialogue in the Mouth of the Dying* Philoſopher: *Tho'* Diogenes Laertius, *who has writ both their Lives, attributes the very Diſcourſe to* Socrates, *and ſays* Plato *has digeſted it into Form in his* Phædo.

The Argument is divided into two parts; *the one of a* Moral, *the other of a* Theological *Nature*: *The* former, *working us up to a* Contempt of Death, by ſhewing us that it has no Terrors to a good Man; *and the* latter, *ſupporting this Poſition with the beſt of Reaſons*, a Proof of the Soul's Immortality.

The

The Subſtance of what is advanc'd on the firſt Head (that a Diſſolution *is to be wiſh'd for by the Good and Wiſe) is as follows; That the* Soul *is made for* Knowledge; *that the* Body *is a Clogg, and Obſtacle to her* Contemplations, *deceiving her with ſpecious, but falſe Repreſentations from the* Miniſtry *of the* Senſes: *Hence ariſes this Concluſion; that if the Union of the* Body *interrupt the* Soul *in her Search after* Wiſdom, *then* perfect Knowledge *is reſerv'd only for the* Life to come. *That* Philoſophy *therefore teaches, to Contemn the* Body *and be weary of its Commerce, which debars us ſuch* Felicities: *Inſtructing us, how to* Dye; *and that our Averſions to Death only proceed from our being Slaves to* Carnal Appetites, *which weaken the* Soul, *and break in upon her* Views *of* Eternity. *That therefore Men who have ſtruggled to Controul their Paſſions, and ween themſelves from the ſenſual Pleaſures of the World, look upon* Death *as a Paſſage to a* Better Life, *and therein* hope *for a* Reward *of their Actions.*

Upon

Upon the Topick of the Soul's Immortality, he inforces his Proofs by Examining *all Objections, and then* removing *them: His firſt Demonſtration is from this* Theſis, *that all* Contraries *produce their Contraries reciprocally; that* Life *and* Death *are each other's* Contraries, *and therefore that as* Death *is the Product of* Life, *ſo Life muſt neceſſarily Spring from* Death, *or elſe Nature would be defective in her Operations: The next ſtep to this Important Proof is, that the* Soul *had an* Exiſtence *before its Union with the Body; and that all the* Ideas and Knowledge, *which we attain by Study in this Life, are but a* Remembrance *and* Recollection *of what we knew as well before we were born. That the* Immortality *of the* Soul *is likewiſe grounded on its* Nature; *being* Simple, *and* Immaterial; *and that only* Compounded Beings *are ſubject to* Diſſolution. *That by looking back into the* Cauſes *of Things, we ſhall find that* God *placed every thing in the moſt convenient* State; *that therefore our Enquiry muſt be*

wherein

wherein the particular Good *of the* Soul *conſiſts, and the Solution will direct us to a Diſcovery of its* Immortality.

To Sum up all his Proofs, were to make my Preface too Prolix; beſides that it were Impoſſible to give you them in the ſame genuine Beauty, as they appear in the Dialogue; ſo Artful in their Introductions, ſo ſurprizing in their Conſequences, and ſo ſtrongly defended againſt Objections.

I dare not pretend to have done the Original Juſtice in my Phraſe, but hope I have not miſtaken him in his Meaning; and then perhaps his Conceptions may ſtrike the Mind as powerfully, as if they were cloath'd in a more ſtately or florid Habit.

PLATO's DIALOGUE OF THE *Immortality of the Soul.*

Between *Echecrates* and *Phædo.*

Eche. BUT prithee, *Phædo*, were you your ſelf at *Athens* on the Day when *Socrates* drank the Poiſon in Priſon? Or had you the Relation from ſome other that was preſent?

Phæ. No; I my ſelf was there.

Eche. And what then did that Great Man ſay before he dy'd? And how did he expire? I am impatient to hear: For our Gentlemen of *Phlius* but ſeldom take a Progreſs to *Athens*, and 'tis a long time ſince any Perſon from thence has come hither, that could relate that Action to us with all its Circumſtances, only agree-

ing that he dy'd by Poiſon, and on the other Heads are entirely ſilent.

Phæ. Then have you not been inform'd of his Conviction, and how the Caſe was carried in the Court againſt him?

Eche. Yes, we had ſome Accounts of thoſe Proceedings: And it ſeem'd ſtrange to us, that after his Sentence paſs'd, they gave him ſo much Time e'er they would execute the Law upon him: Whence aroſe this Mercy, *Phædo*?

Phæ. 'Twas an indulgent Chance of Time, *Echecrates*, that favour'd *Socrates* in that Reprieve; for the Day before he took his Tryal, the *Conſecrated Veſſel* was adorning, which the *Athenians* yearly fit out for *Delos*.

Eche. What do they mean by't?

Phæ. Why this is the very Ship (as the *Athenians* wou'd perſwade us) wherein *Theſeus* heretofore with his fourteen Companions embark'd for *Crete*, and wherein he return'd ſafe, and preſerv'd likewiſe his young Aſſociates; for they made a ſolemn Vow to *Apollo*, that if they eſcaped the Dangers of this Expedition, they would annually make a Voyage of Thanks to his *Temple* at *Delos*: And from that Time has this Ceremony been continually kept up in Gratitude to the Deity: Therefore from the Moment this Solemnity is begun, by their Laws they make *Luſtrations* in the City, and no Executions are done on Criminals, from the Time the *Veſſel* ſets out for *Delos* till its Return to *Athens*. And ſometimes this Proceſſion takes up a conſiderable Time, when the Winds do not ſet fair. Now the Beginning of this devout Voyage is computed from the Time that *Apollo*'s Prieſt firſt adorns the *Stern* of the *Ship* with Garlands. And this very Pomp commenc'd, as I told you, the Day before the Trial came on: Wherefore the Interval between *Socrates*'s Condemnation and Death was of ſome Duration.

Eche. But oh, *Phædo*, what did he ſay in his expiring Moments; how did he behave himſelf? Who of his Acquaintance were with him: or did the Rigour of the Magiſtracy deny his Friends Acceſs to him, and force him to dye abandon'd and alone? ——

Phæ.

Phæ. Not ſo; they were aſſembled in Numbers to him.

Eche. Oblige us then with the diſtinct Account of all the Particulars you can, if your Time will permit.

Phæ. I am at preſent at leiſure, and will endeavour to relate every Circumſtance: For to remember *Socrates*, to ſpeak of him, or even hear him ſpoken of, pleaſes me above all Subjects.

Eche. Phædo, be aſſur'd you cannot take more Pleaſure in ſpeaking, than I in hearing; begin therefore, and be careful nothing be omitted.

Phæ. I was affected moſt unaccountably with the Scene of his Death; for I felt in my ſelf no ſoft Compaſſion or Pangs of Sorrow for the Death of a Man that was my Friend; but even envy'd him the Glory of his Fate, when I heard his Sentiments, and conſider'd his Behaviour: For he departed with that Bravery and Sedateneſs of Soul, that, free from all Apprehenſions of dying, he ſeem'd to have a Summons from the Gods to exchange his Mortality for an happier State above, if ever Man was crown'd with ſuch Felicity: So that I could neither force my ſelf into a State of Sorrow; nor could I take that ſincere Pleaſure in his Diſcourſe as I uſed at other times to receive from his Diſputations of Philoſophy: For tho' his Reaſoning had all its uſual Strength and Elegance, yet the Confuſion of our blended Paſſions robb'd us of its Force, when we reflected on the Speaker as a Man that was every Moment expected to leave us. Yet were every one of us diſpos'd alike, and divided between Smiles and alternate Sorrows: particularly *Apollodorus*; for you know the Man, and his Temper and Manners.

Eche. How ſhould I not?

Phæ. Why even he was in the ſame Medley of Perturbation with us all.

Eche. But who had you there, good *Phædo*?

Phæ. Several Citizens of *Athens*. *Apollodorus*, and *Critobulus* and his Father *Crito*: *Hermogenes*, *Epigenes*, *Æſchines*, and *Antiſthenes*; nay, there were *Cteſippus*,

Menexenus, and others: And as for *Plato*, I think, he was ſick.

Eche. But were there no Foreigners?

Phæ. Yes, there were *Simmias* the *Theban*, and *Cebes*, and *Phædondes*: and *Euclides* and *Terpſion* of *Megara*.

Eche. But were not *Ariſtippus* and *Cleombrotus* attending?

Phæ. No, truly; they were ſaid to be at *Ægina*.

Eche. And were there no more?

Phæ. To the beſt of my remembrance I have nam'd all the Company.

Eche. But tell me then, what was the Subject of their Diſcourſe.

Phæ. I'll endeavour to ſatisfie you from the very beginning. I and ſeveral others made it our conſtant Cuſtom to viſit *Socrates* once a Day: Our Place of meeting was in the very *Court* where he receiv'd his Sentence; for it was very near his Priſon; there we paſs'd away the Time 'till the Priſon was open'd, which was never very early; and then we went in to *Socrates*, and often ſpent the remainder of the Day with him. The Morning before his Death we went ſooner than ordinary, for the Evening before, as we were going from him, we were inform'd the *Conſecrated Veſſel* was arriv'd from *Delos*: And thereupon we agreed amongſt our ſelves to be very early at the uſual Place: We kept to our Appointment: And the Turn-key, that was always our Guide, now prevented our Entrance, and begg'd our Patience 'till further Orders; for that the *Eleven Magiſtrates* were looſing *Socrates* from his Bonds, and preparing him for the Death which he was that Day to ſuffer. He did not make us wait long, before we were ſuffer'd to go in. Entring, we found *Socrates* juſt diſcharg'd from his Fetters; and *Xantippe* ſitting by him with a young Child in her Arms. She no ſooner ſaw us, but breaking out into all the Vehemence of Sorrow, incident to Women upon ſuch Occaſions, ſhe cry'd, O *Socrates*, this is the laſt Interview thou ſhalt have with thy Friends, or they with thee! he caſting his Eyes on *Crito*, Let ſome body (ſays he) convey

convey this Woman home, *Crito*: Immediately ſome of *Crito*'s Servants led her away in all the Agonies of Grief and Paſſion: *Socrates* ſitting on his Bed, drew up his Leg that had been loaded with Irons, and ſtroaking it with his Hand, addreſs'd himſelf to us thus. What an unaccountable thing is this, my Friends, which Men term Pleaſure, what a wonderful Agreement there is betwixt it and Pain, tho' they ſeem Oppoſites in kind, becauſe they never both attack the ſame Object at once: Yet whoever goes in Purſuit of either of the two, is forc'd to take up with the Company of its Antagoniſt alſo, as if they were Twins and inſeparable by Nature. I am of Opinion, if the facetious *Æſop* had ever made this Remark, we ſhould have had a Fable upon it: That *Jove* having a mind to reconcile Contraries, and having no other way to effect their Union, chain'd their Heads together, and by this means whatever Perſon the one Quality viſits, its Oppoſite preſently is obtruded on the Company: As I have been convinc'd by Experience. For my Leg, while oppreſs'd with the weight of my Fetters, gave me violent Pain, and now they are taken off, my Torment is ſucceeded by Eaſe and Pleaſure—— *Cebes* interrupting him, For God's Sake, *Socrates* (ſays he) now you put me in mind of it: Concerning thoſe *Hymns* you made in Praiſe of *Apollo*, and *Fables* verſify'd by you from *Æſop*; a great many People, and particularly *Evenus*, have put the Queſtion to me, how you came to ſet about Works under your Confinement which you had never attempted in your State of Freedom; if you are inclined therefore that I ſhould give *Evenus* or others any particular Reaſon (for I am certain I ſhall be ask'd) tell me what Reply I ſhall make. ——The truth, *Cebes*; and nothing but the truth; (ſays *Socrates*,) that I did it not to ſet my ſelf on the level with him and his Poetry; for that were no eaſie Task: But in Obedience to ſome Dreams I had, that often enjoin'd me to exerciſe Muſick: Thus it was: Thro' the whole Courſe of my Life, I have been perpetually haunted with ſuch Dreams, which tho' they have addreſs'd me in differing Forms and Phantaſies, yet they retain'd their Deſign of perſuading me to the Practice of Muſick;

ſick: I look'd upon theſe things but as Commands to proceed in that Courſe of Studies I from my Youth had follow'd; and as 'tis uſual for us to ſpur up our Racers with Terms of Encouragement, ſo I thought my ſelf exhorted to uſe all my Vigour in cultivating my Philoſophy, as the Source of Muſick, and Soul of Harmony: But here of late, when I had receiv'd my *Sentence*, and that the *Feſtival* of *Apollo* occaſion'd the deferring of my Death, I was of Opinion that the repeated Injunctions of my Slumbers pointed at the common ſort of Muſick: And that I ſhould not ſtand out, but comply with the Summons. For I thought it ſafer, as I was a dying Man, to reconcile my ſelf to the Gods by an implicite Obedience to their Wills, and acquit my ſelf of their Commands by an Attempt in Poetry, than to neglect or deſpiſe their Orders: Therefore I began with an *Hymn* to *Apollo*, whoſe *Feſtival* was then celebrated; and after that, conſidering that Numbers alone did not make a Poet, without Skill in compoſing of Fables; and being no Fabuliſt my ſelf, I turn'd into Verſe ſuch Fables of *Æſop*, as I had by Heart, and which firſt occurr'd to my Remembrance. This let *Evenus* know, good *Cebes*; and that the beſt Wiſhes of a dying Man attend him, who, if he be wiſe, will follow my Steps: I am this Day going to my laſt Home, as I think, for ſo the *Magiſtrates* of *Athens* have Decreed——Then ſaid *Simmias*, What are theſe Commands, O *Socrates*, that you leave for *Evenus*? I have often fell into the Company of that Gentleman, and as far as I can gueſs of him, he will have no great Inclination to purſue your Directions.——What! (ſays *Socrates*) is not he a Philoſopher? ——I think he is, reply'd *Simmias*——Then (ſays *Socrates*) *Evenus*, and every Body elſe that is worthy of that honourable Title, muſt purſue my Steps: I mean not, every one will lay violent Hands on himſelf: For ſome diſallow this Proceeding. ——At this he drew his Legs from off the Bed; and in that Poſture continu'd his Diſcourſe. Then *Cebes* put this Queſtion to him, How do you Explain that, *Socrates*?——That Self-murther is not warranted, and yet that a Philoſopher muſt wiſh to follow you in your Death?——What? (replies he,)

he,) *Cebes*, have not you and *Simmias* heard *Philolaus* handle that Subject, and yet were intimate with him? —Never to clear the Point, replies *Cebes*.—Nay, I tell you but what I have heard on this Head (ſays *Socrates*,) and ſhall not grudge you the Repetition of the Argument: For perhaps it is the propereſt Diſcourſe for a dying Man; to talk with Deliberation of, and ſearch deeply into, the Nature of the Journey he is about to take: What can he do better, to the laſt gaſp of his Breath?—But upon what Grounds (ſays *Cebes*) do they inferr it unlawful for a Man to kill himſelf? Indeed, as you queſtion'd me, I have heard *Philolaus* in his Converſation touch on this Theme, and agree with ſome others as to the Heinouſneſs of the Fact; but never heard any of them come to their Proofs upon the Argument.—'Tis a Subject requires your beſt Attention, (ſays *Socrates*) and perhaps it may ſtartle you to hear, the Reſult of this Topick is an unalterable Concluſion, and not like other Maxims that will admit to be controverted, *whether 'tis better for a Man to die, or to drag on an inſipid Being*; now if 'tis more expedient for ſome to die, 'twill ſeem ſtrange to you, that they ſhall not have Liberty to ſet themſelves at large, but muſt wait for the ſlow Seaſon of their Deliverance.—But *Cebes* with a Smile reply'd, *Jupiter* only can determine this Point fully—Nay, ſays *Socrates*, let the Argument look abſurd at the firſt View, nevertheleſs it has Reaſon on its Side: Now indeed to me the Notions, that are inſtilled in the People in myſterious Leſſons of Religion, have in them ſomething Great and of Conſequence. That Man is as it were upon Guard under God, and cannot quit his Poſt without Leave from that great Superior. For it ſeems to me, good *Cebes*, very reaſonable, That the Gods do preſide over and take care of our World, and that the Race of Man are their Properties and Poſſeſſion: Are not theſe your Thoughts?—To a Tittle, ſays *Cebes*—Why therefore, replies *Socrates*, make it your own Caſe, would it not provoke you, to have one of your Slaves peremptorily kill himſelf, without the leaſt Intimation from you of diſmiſſing his Service? And would you not ſhew your Anger, by revenging

the Contempt, if you had it in your Power?——('Tis granted, ſays *Cebes*.)---By the ſame Rule therefore 'tis not improper to judge, that an Attempt of this kind is not permitted to any Man, 'till God has pointed out an abſolute Neceſſity of Dying, as it is the Caſe with me at this Inſtant.——There is much likelihood in this, (ſays *Cebes*) but what you ſtarted but now, ſeemingly implies a Contradiction to it, *Socrates*; that Philoſophers ſhould be fond of Diſſolution, if we determine it reaſonable, that God ſhould take Care of us, and that we are his Properties: For it is inconſiſtent, that the wiſeſt and moſt prudent of Mankind ſhould not feel Regret at being diſcarded by the Gods, who are the beſt Rulers of Nature. For ſure a prudent Man would ſcarce preſume to think, he could better ſquare his Actions from his own Sufficiency, than the Divine Direction: But Madmen and Fools perhaps may eſteem it right to throw off the Tuition of Providence, and do not conſider that what is Good is not to be eſchew'd, but always adher'd to; therefore would be Independent at any rate: But Men of reaſoning Souls will always embrace the Conduct of Superior Excellence. And therefore, *Socrates*, the contrary of your late Aſſertion muſt carry the Day: *That Wiſe Men ought with Reluctance to quit this Being, and Fools only to deſire Death.*——*Socrates* ſeem'd pleas'd with the facetious Reaſons *Cebes* urg'd; and turning to us, This *Cebes*, ſays he, is always labouring after Objections, and will never admit any Poſition, till he has firſt diſputed it.——But (reply'd *Simmias*) *Cebes*'s Argument, Dear *Socrates*, has no ſmall Force with me: For upon what Grounds ſhall Wiſe Men throw off the Authority of better Maſters than they can be of themſelves, and abdicate a Benefit? And *Cebes* ſeems to drive his Argument at your Conduct, who ſo ſerenely relinquiſh us, and the Protection of thoſe Powers, which, by your own Confeſſion, are our beſt Directors.—— Your Accuſation is juſt, ſays *Socrates*, and I doubt not, but you as much expect I ſhould labour to clear my ſelf, as if I were upon my Trial:——Moſt certainly, ſays *Simmias*, and therefore proceed to your Defence.—— I ſhall be more earneſt to maintain this Point, (replies *Socrates*

crates) than I was to ſave my Life in Court: And upon my Faith and Credit with you both, unleſs I were aſſured in my ſelf, that I ſhall be committed to the Care of other good and wiſe Gods, and ſhall converſe with Men infinitely better than theſe on Earth, I ſhould condemn my ſelf in courting of Death: But, depend upon it, I am in ſo full an Hope of having an Abode with the Righteous, that I ſhould not elſe be ſo fond of vindicating my Conduct: And that we ſhall find Gods for our gracious Governors in that other World, I dare as poſitively affirm, as on any Subject of this diſputable Nature; becauſe I have no ſtartling Apprehenſions of Death, as I ſhould have, but for this informing Inſtinct, and go with a full Dependance of a future Being, and a State, where (as I have all along profeſs'd) the Virtuous ſhall fare better than ill Men.—— What then (replies *Simmias*) did you think to depart with theſe Sentiments, and not let us ſhare in the Knowledge of them, when 'tis the common Concern and Intereſt of us all to learn this Leſſon? And when it is your full Juſtification, if we are convinc'd of the Force and Equity of the Argument. I ſhall endeavour (ſays *Socrates*) to bring you over to this Opinion; but give me leave firſt to hear what *Crito* has to ſay, who, I think has endeavour'd for ſome time to put in a Word.—— Nothing more, ſays *Crito*, than what your Executioner adviſes, that you ſhould be ſparing of your Voice, becauſe the Warmth of Diſputations often ſo far correct the Quality and Operation of the Poiſon; that ſome of his Patients, for this Reaſon, have been forc'd to drink a double, nay a treble Quantity to end them: ——No more of his Philoſophy (ſays *Socrates*) let him but obey the Commands of his Office in my Diſpatch, tho' he mix me a double or treble Proportion to effect it. —— I was confident, (ſays *Crito*) that would be your Anſwer; but the Fellow was importunate in his Requeſt. ——Well, no Matter, (replies *Socrates*) I ſhall now open my Reaſons to you that are my Judges; wherefore I think, that a Man who has been vers'd in Philoſophy from his Cradle, ſhould expect the Hour of Death with an intrepid Soul, and a full Hope,

Hope, that after his Deceaſe he ſhall enjoy the Height of Felicity. And as my Opinion leans on this Belief, good *Simmias* and *Cebes*, I ſhall endeavour to ſtrengthen it with my Arguments: Whoever ſtudy and make the true Uſe of their Philoſophy, abandon the Care of all other Subjects, and make it their Concern to learn to die, and be ready for the Stroke; which, if granted, 'twere ridiculous for them, after a whole Life ſpent in an anxious Diſquiſition to this End, to forfeit the Fruits of all their Application at once, and be ſtagger'd with Irreſolutions at the Point of Death. —— Here *Simmias*, with a Smile reply'd, Indeed, *Socrates*, you have forc'd a Laugh from me, at a Time when I am no ways diſpos'd to ſuch Mirth; but if a great many had heard you, they would agree, that you had exquiſitely hit the Caſe of the Philoſophers; and all our Countrymen would ſubſcribe to your Verdict, that thoſe ſtudious Gentlemen ought to die, and put that Leſſon in immediate Practice, which they are only fit for: —— Perhaps they may be right in this, *Simmias*, (reply'd *Socrates*) but they muſt not pretend to know it to be ſo: For they are ignorant on what Grounds a true Philoſopher ſtudies his Death, or is worthy of it. But let us leave *Athens* to her own Sentiments, and come back to our own Subject. Do we think Death to be any Thing?----Without Queſtion it muſt be ſomething (ſays *Simmias*). —— Ay, but any thing more, replies *Socrates*, than a Parting of Soul and Body; ſo that by this Diſſolution the Body is in a State diſtinct from the Soul, and the Soul actuates by it ſelf, without the Incumbrances of Fleſh and Sinews?---- Even ſo, and no otherwiſe, ſays *Simmias*.—— Let us examine then, my good Friend, (replies *Socrates*) whether our Opinions anſwer in every Particular; for by this means we ſhall have a true Knowledge of the Scope of our Enquiry. Do you think it then conſiſtent with the Character of a Philoſopher, to run in Purſuit of what are accounted Pleaſures, to indulge his Appetite in Banqueting and Riot? to yield to the Allurements of a Love-paſſion, or to be nice in the Ornaments of Dreſs and Faſhion? Is he, in your Opinion, to ſet a Value on theſe things, or to deſpiſe them in all other reſpects,

ſpects, than as the Neceſſities of Nature demand a Suſtenance and Covering?----In my Mind, (ſays *Simmias*) a true Philoſopher muſt of conſequence contemn theſe empty Trifles.----Do not you ſuppoſe (reply'd *Socrates*) that the Studies of theſe Men cannot condeſcend to the cultivating a Body, but fly a Pitch ſo far above it, that their whole Care is employ'd on the Soul? —— (I agree to it, ſays *Simmias* :) Is it not therefore apparent, that a Philoſopher, more than all Sects of Men, makes it his Buſineſs to keep his Soul from all Commerce with the Body? And 'tis a general Opinion, *Simmias*, that the Man that is dead to the Pleaſures of the World is not worthy of this Life; but that being inſenſible in gratifying the Body, he is almoſt in Effect dead.—— Nothing more true, reply'd *Simmias*.—— What if we advance then to the Search after Wiſdom, ſays *Socrates*; Would the Body be a Clogg to our Proceedings, if made a Partner in that Enquiry? Let me be underſtood on this Head; are our Eyes and Ears infallible to us; may we rely on their Informations? Or is it, as the Poets ſay, that we cannot depend on the Teſtimonies of Sounds or Objects? And if theſe nobler Senſes impoſe upon us, we can put no Confidence in thoſe that are weaker and more fallible: Are not theſe your Thoughts? —— Altogether, ſays *Simmias*.—— When then does the Mind attain true Notions, ſays *Socrates*; for when it would be aſſiſted by the Body in its Search, it is ſure to err and be deluded: Is it not by the Power of reaſoning, if ever at all, that we become acquainted with Truth? And we certainly then reaſon beſt, when no Interruptions, either of the Senſes or Paſſions, weaken our Intellects; but when the Soul, entirely collected within it ſelf, drops all Views and Communications with the Body, and ſtrains after Knowledge, without pinioning our Conceptions down to Senſe.—— 'Tis very true, ſays *Simmias*.—— Therefore *Simmias*, (replies *Socrates*) does not the Soul of a Philoſopher look down with Diſdain on a poor Carcaſs, got out of the Reach of its Frailties, and long to live entirely to it ſelf? —— It ſtands to Reaſon, ſays *Simmias*.—— But give me Leave, *Simmias*, (ſays *Socrates*) is Juſtice

any

any thing, or nothing? —— Something without Doubt, replies *Simmias.* —— And is it not fine and good, ſays *Socrates*? —— Who diſputes it, ſays *Simmias.* —— But did ever you ſee them with your Eyes. —— No —— Did you ever touch their Eſſences? Or by Senſe of Body grow acquainted with Magnitude, Health, Fortitude, and the like; or dive into their Natures by external Faculties? Or is it ſo, that whoever puts his whole Streſs of Thought and Soul to the Buſineſs, will the ſooner attain the propos'd End? ——— Queſtionleſs —— Would not the Man then come to the moſt genuine Concluſions, that employ'd the Faculties of his Soul in their pureſt Perfection, neither allay'd or rebated with the Mixture of Senſe and outward Objects; but that rely'd on the pure workings of Thought and Reaſoning for a true Diſtinction, without being beholding to the Offices of the Eyes and Ears, or, in ſhort, any Concurrence of the Body that does but annoy the Mind, ſhorten the Proſpects of Contemplation, and darken all the Views that would lead to Truth and Wiſdom by its obnoxious Union. Are not theſe the Means, *Simmias*, (if any) that can anſwer our Deſign? —— There is Truth and Excellence in all you advance, O *Socrates*, (reply'd *Simmias.*) —— Therefore muſt not we conclude from what has been ſaid, (added *Socrates*) That Maxims of this Sort ſhould be the conſtant Subjects of Philoſophers among one another? For even our Reaſon points out to us the Path of theſe Principles; that while we dragg about this Body, and that the Soul is kept under, and buried in ſuch a Maſs of Frailties, it can never reach the Mark of its Endeavours or Deſire. For the Body contributes a Number of Impediments even from the Neceſſity of its Support: We are pull'd back from our Diſquiſitions of Truth by accidental Illneſs; we are diverted from it by Love, Deſires, Fears, and Varieties of Ideas and habitual Trifles; that it may be truly affirmed, The Body will never let us grow Maſters of true Wiſdom: For it is the Body, and its whimſical Deſires, that provoke us to Wars, Seditions, and Battles. For all Wars ſpring from Avarice, and Thirſt after Mony. And Mony muſt be had, to be the Slave of our

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Luxury, and procure Trappings for the Body; and by all theſe Inconveniences are we balk'd in our Exerciſes of Philoſophy: Laſtly, even when an Interval offers for Thought, and we catch at it, with Deſign of improving our Notions, the Body will grow impertinent with intruding its Offices, diſtract and confound our Meditations with Tumult and disjointed Ideas, that we are again intangled in Diſorder, and loſt to the Enquiries of Truth: Now I have clearly demonſtrated to you, that if we would pierce into real Diſcoveries of Nature, the Eſſence and Powers of the Soul muſt be abſtracted from the Body, and act and determine entirely by its own Miniſtry: and thence, as it is apparent, we ſhall attain our Deſires, and be bleſs'd with that Wiſdom we profeſs our ſelves Lovers of, when we are dead; according to the Scope of my Arguments; but never in this Life: For if it be granted, that we can have no perfect Knowledge of any thing while engaged with the Body; one of theſe Poſitions is unavoidable, that we either never can arrive at Knowledge, or that we may after Death: For then the Soul will be diſcharg'd of all corporeal Impediments, and never 'till then. But while we live, we can only make poor Approaches to Wiſdom, as we can diſtance the Operations of the Body, and have no Communication with its Organs, but of the laſt Neceſſity; nor imbibe its droſſy Nature, or grow infected with its Corruptions, 'till God comes to ſet us free; and then our pure Eſſence, diſengag'd of the Fleſh's Follies, ſhall be in a State of Purity, as 'tis reaſonable to ſuppoſe; and then we ſhall have ſincere Views of Things, and of Truth it ſelf: For Impurity can never dwell with Perfection. Theſe are Sentiments, *Simmias*, that all true Philoſophers ſhould preach and inculcate to one another. Are not you of this Mind?—— Moſt entirely, *Socrates*, replies *Simmias*.—— Therefore, if my Conjectures are true, my Friend, ſays *Socrates*, there is abundant Hope, that whoever ſhall arrive where I am going, ſhall there, if any where, be crown'd with thoſe Bleſſings which we toil and labour after vainly in this Life. This makes me launch out into the Sea of Eternity with ſuch Satisfaction,

on, and which others will do with the same serene Pleasure, that are persuaded their Souls will be purg'd and refin'd thereby---(Most undoubtedly, says *Simmias*:)---Which Purgation (continu'd *Socrates*) does it not consist, as I have before observ'd, in the Soul's being secreted from the Body, in being collected within it self, pure and uninfected with the Corruptions of the Flesh? And living by it self, as far as possible: And both in this as well as the future State in being separate, and discharged from the Bondage of the Body? ---(Most certain, says *Simmias*.)---Therefore is not this call'd Death, which is a Separation of Soul and Body? And are not true Philosophers, the only Men that earnestly wish for this Dissolution? And are not their Cares and Meditations employ'd on this desir'd End?---I think the same, says *Simmias*-----Then would it not be absurd and ridiculous, as I said before, for a Man who has thro' the whole Course of his Life been learning to die, and framing all his Actions to that important End; to repine, when the expected Hour should come? ——Certainly——Depend on it therefore, *Simmias*, that your true Philosophers contemplate Death, and are the least of all Men scar'd at its Approach. View their Reasons thus: That as they altogether contemn the Body, and desire their Souls in a State of Separation from it, would it not be a Contradiction in their Principles, to be terrify'd and in anguish at the Hour of Death, and to shew an Uneasiness to take that Journey, where they hope to be possess'd of what they courted and pursu'd in this Life (the true Wisdom) and also to be freed from that Body whose Union was their Incumbrance? Have not many relinquish'd Life to follow a lov'd Companion, Wife or Child, in Hopes to see and converse with them after Death? And shall a true Lover of Wisdom, that is fully perswaded this admir'd Blessing is not to be attain'd but by an Hereafter, retreat from the Embraces of Death, and not willingly leap into Eternity? I must believe, my dear Friend, the Man who is a true Philosopher, will dwell on this Sentiment with all its weight, That he cannot possibly attain the Perfection of Knowledge, but in that State of Futurity. Upon this Concession, would it not be unreasonable and extravagant, as I

said

ſaid before, that ſuch a Man ſhould fear Death?——The height of Madneſs, by *Jove*, ſays *Simmias*.——Therefore this will be a ſufficient Ground to ſuſpect the Philoſophy of ſuch a Man, and look on him as one given up to Frailty and Appetite, tempted by Avarice or dazled with Ambition: or poſſeſs'd by ſome, or all of theſe deprav'd Affections.——'Tis true as you ſay, replies *Simmias*——Moreover, *Simmias*, is not that Virtue we term Fortitude, eſſential to a Philoſopher? Is not Temperance (which, as they ſay, teaches us not to be ſubject to our Affections, but deſpiſe them, and practiſe Moderation and Sobriety) a proper part of his Character that diſdains the Frailties of his Nature, and lives up to the Rules of Philoſophy? ——Without Queſtion, ſays *Simmias*——But if we were to obſerve the pretended Fortitude and Temperance of common Men, they would appear Abſurdities to us.——In what reſpect, good *Socrates*?——You are ſenſible that all Men but Philoſophers conſider Death as the greateſt Evil——'Tis granted.——Then do not the moſt valiant of theſe Pretenders, whenever they become Acceſſaries to their Fate, fly to Death to avoid ſome more terrible Event?——Right.——Therefore to their Fears, all but Philoſophers, owe their Courage: Tho' 'tis ſomething inconſiſtent, that Men ſhould grow bold from timerous Apprehenſions.——You ſay true.——But what? Is the Caſe any whit different with your Men of Decorum and Moderation? Are they not Temperate thro' ſome Intemperance? Tho' this looks improbable: Yet ſome darling Extravagance is the Source of their inſipid Moderation. For indulging themſelves in ſome Pleaſures and fearing to be debarr'd of that Purſuit, they grow abſtemious to its Contraries, are carry'd away by their favourite Appetite, and yet term it Intemperance to be rul'd by the Affections: Tho' even while they exclaim thus *Stoically*, and are ſubduing ſome one Paſſion, they are Slaves to ſome other. Is not this to the Effect of what I ſaid but now, that they are Temperate thro' ſome Intemperance?——Directly, ſays *Simmias*.——But oh, my happy Friend *Simmias*, let us not Dream that we are in the Road to Virtue by parting with one Pleaſure to procure another, by trafficking with our Paſſions,

and

and exchanging one Fear for another, as we change our Mony into leſs Pieces. But Prudence and Wiſdom are the Treaſures to which we ſhould ſacrifice all our Imperfections; they are the true Sterling that will buy in Fortitude, Temperance and Juſtice. And in a word, where true Virtue is conſorted with Prudence, it liſtens not either to Fear or Pleaſure, or any of the Train of Paſſions; but where-ever it is not attended with Prudence, but is ſhuffling and dealing with the Affections, 'tis but a dark Imitation of it ſelf; a ſervile precarious Virtue, that has no Truth or Perfection in it: But the true Examination of Virtue conſiſts in being purg'd and drain'd of theſe Frailties: And Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, and Prudence contribute to this Purgation. Wherefore the Inſtituters of Purifications in my Mind deſerve our regard, as they tacitly inſinuate to us by thoſe Myſteries, that whatever Perſon deſcends to the Shades uninitiated and unpurify'd, muſt lie in Darkneſs; but whoever departs cleanſed and expiated, ſhall have an Abode with the Immortals. But as 'tis commonly ſaid in theſe Religious Ceremonies, *That many bear the Enſigns of the Devotion, but few are poſſeſs'd with the Godhead:* So thoſe that are truly inſpir'd, are in my Mind only the Philoſophers. To be admitted in which Number I have all along, to the utmoſt of my Pow'r, endeavour'd, and labour'd in the Means to effect it: What will be the Conſequence of my Toil and Study, I am now going to try; and ſhall ſoon, by God's Permiſſion, find in my Death, whether I have ſquar'd my Actions right to that End. This is my Defence, good *Simmias* and *Cebes*; and theſe are the Reaſons that make me neither loth nor uneaſie to leave you my Friends, nor the Gods, the Guardians of my Life: For I hope to find in the State of Futurity both good Friends and gracious Protectors. But this Notion has not Credit with the Many. If therefore my Arguments have more Influence on you in my Favour, than they had in my Trial, I am ſatisfy'd.

When *Socrates* had made an End, *Cebes* took up the Diſcourſe to this Effect: I willingly aſſent to all your Aſſertions, *Socrates*, but that in Relation to the Soul:

For

For 'tis a Matter of much Queſtion in the World, whether it has any Separate State from the Body; or whether it does not die with the Man, and in the Moments of Death ſuffer an entire Diſſolution, and like Air or Smoak, is ſcatter'd and vaniſhes into nothing, and has no manner of Exiſtence afterwards: Indeed if it were collected within it ſelf, and capable of a diſtinct Being, when diſengag'd of the Incumbrance of the Body, as you inferr'd; there were good and ample Hopes, *Socrates*, that your Expectations are well grounded. But I am afraid it will require much force of Argument and a large Faith, to perſwade us that the Soul ſurvives the Separation from the Body and has any Energy, or Senſe of Knowledge.----You ſay nothing but the Truth, *Cebes*; (reply'd *Socrates*) and what's to be done? Shall we enter upon the Reaſon and Probability of this Subject, now we are together?----Indeed, (ſays *Cebes*) I would very gladly hear your Sentiments upon it.----I am of Opinion, (replies *Socrates*) that no Man, not even a Writer of Comedies, who ſhould hear me on this Subject, could ſuggeſt, that I trifled or conſum'd the time in Diſcourſes low and unbecoming the Mouth of a Dying Man: If therefore 'tis your Will that I ſhould examine this important Queſtion, whether the Souls of the Departed have any Exiſtence in the other World, I think we ſhould begin our Enquiry thus. I remember, it has been an Opinion of ſome Date, that the Souls of the Dead retire to the Regions below, and after ſome time return to this World to animate freſh Bodies. Now if this be admitted for a Certainty, that after one Diſſolution, the Soul again reviſits the frail Tenement of the Body, then the Soul muſt have a Being below, otherwiſe it could not be capable of a Return: And this Opinion will be ſufficiently ſupported, if we can make it plain, that Life has its Source from Death: But if this be deny'd, we muſt have recourſe to further Demonſtration.——Certainly, ſays *Cebes*.----Nor muſt we explain this only by Inſtances drawn from Man, ſays *Socrates*, but take in all the Animal and Vegetable Products of Nature: To find whether all things have not the ſame Birth, and derive their Beginnings from their

Contraries: As we ſee the Quality of Handſome, owes its Diſtinction to its contrary Uglineſs, Juſt is oppoſite to Unjuſt, and ſo in a thouſand other particulars. Now let us examine whether there be a Neceſſity for thoſe Contraries, to produce their Contraries. As for Example, when any Subſtance grows bigger, this Increaſe of Bulk of Neceſſity inferrs the Thing's having been leſs firſt. And if any Subſtance ſhrinks away, this Diminution preſuppoſes a Magnitude. Thus Strength grows from Weakneſs, Speed from Slowneſs; If any thing grows worſe in Quality, was it not before better? If Juſter in Kind, was it not more Unjuſt before? Therefore we are ſufficiently convinc'd by all theſe Inſtances, that Contraries ariſe from Contraries: What more? Is there not a Medium betwixt theſe two oppoſite Effects? Are there not two Births or Advances from one of theſe Contraries to the other, and from this other to that again? For between a greater and a leſs Subſtance, are not the Mediums, a growth and waſting? And we can ſay, this is Increaſing, that is Dwindling: Do not all things likewiſe gradually mix and ſeparate; and by Progreſſions arrive at Heat and Cold? And even where we want Words to diſtinguiſh and explain theſe Conceptions, yet in the Formation of every thing that produces its Contrary, there is a Neceſſity of an Inter-birth or Progreſſion to theſe alternate Effects.----Moſt certainly, ſays *Cebes*----What then? Has not Life a Contrary, as Sleeping is the Contrary to Watching: And what is this Contrary, but Death? And do not they mutually ſpring from each other, as being Contraries: Are there not two Births or Mediums between their two Eſſences?-----There's no Contradiction to this, ſays *Cebes*-----I'll now derive to you, ſays *Socrates*, the Concords and Unions of theſe oppoſite Effects, of which I juſt now ſpoke, and the Progreſſes to ſuch Unions, and you your ſelf ſhall trace the other: I ſay then as before, that Sleep produces Watching, and Watching, Sleep: Now the Generations of theſe two Effects, are falling aſleep, and awaking: Are you convinc'd of what I ſay?——(Moſt fully, replies *Cebes*)------You may ſay the ſame thing in the Caſe of Life and Death: Are they not Contraries

Contraries and ſpring from each other: Therefore what is the iſſue of our Life; but Dying: And what are the Fruits of this Death; we muſt certainly determine, Life. Thus then 'tis evident, that an Exiſtence proceeds from Death, and are not then our Souls diſpos'd of in the Regions below? Now the Generation of one of theſe contrary Effects, is plain and obvious to our Senſe: 'Tis manifeſt to us that we die; then ſhall we diſpute the contrary Generation to Death, and hold Nature defective only in this Effect? Are we not rather neceſſitated to allow this unapparent Contrary? And what can it be, but a Reſurrection, or return to Life? And if the Reviving be allow'd, does it not imply a Being ſprung from Death to produce it? Upon this Confeſſion then, Life is no leſs generated by Death, than Death is the Conſequence of Life: And if ſo, 'tis an unanſwerable Demonſtration that the Souls of the Dead are lodged ſomewhere, from whence they are to return.——Indeed I think, *Socrates*, (reply'd *Cebes*) this is but a Conſequence of the preceding Conceſſions.----Nor in my Mind, ſays *Socrates*, are theſe Conceſſions any ways forc'd or unreaſonable: For if theſe Contraries did not reciprocally circulate in their Operations, but only proceed to one oppoſite Effect, and that Oppoſite not diſpenſe back its generative Power, be aſſur'd, the Energy of Beings would ceaſe, and the ſelf-ſame Figure and unactive Diſpoſition affect the whole Works of Nature.----How do you mean? ſays *Cebes*.----There's no great Myſtery in what I am ſaying, replies *Socrates*: For Inſtance, if we were to fall into a Sleep, and never wake, you are ſenſible the whole Creation would gradually drop into this *Endymion*'s eternal Slumber, and all Production reſt and be diſſolv'd: In the like manner, if all Matter and Qualities were to be jumbled together and blended in one Maſs, and never again to be ſorted in a diſtinct Form and Species, *Anaxagoras*'s Leſſon of General Confuſion would be effectually ratify'd. By the ſame Rule, my worthy Friend, if all living Things were to die, but being dead remain in that quiet State, incapable of reviving; is it not certain that all things in time muſt fall into Annihilation, and the Source of Being be loſt? For

if living Things muſt periſh, and obtain no new Exiſtence from that Diſſolution, there could be no Method or Poſſibility of ſupporting Generation.----None in the World, O *Socrates*; (reply'd *Cebes*) and unanſwerable Truths ſhine in all you ſay.----Indeed my Sentiments, ſays *Socrates*, make me firmly preſume thus: Nor ſhall we be deceiv'd in embracing theſe Principles; That there is certainly a return to Life, that we ſhall receive Beings from Diſſolution, and that the Souls of the Departed do exiſt; thoſe of the virtuous in a State of Felicity, and thoſe of the wicked in a State of Unhappineſs---Theſe Aſſertions, good *Socrates*, (ſays *Cebes*) naturally make way for another Tenet of yours, which you have often advanc'd, that the Learning we acquire by Pains and hard Study is but a Remembrance and Recollection of our Ideas; And at this rate, we muſt of Neceſſity have formerly learnt, what we now recollect: Now this is impracticable, unleſs our Soul had a Being ſomewhere, before it came to animate this humane Frame: And in this View, we have Grounds to think it Immortal.---But what Proofs, *Cebes*, have you for this Poſition, ſays *Simmias*; favour me with the Recollection of this Point: For indeed I have loſt the Knowledge of them at this Inſtant.----I'll give you one admirable Confirmation (ſays *Cebes*) which is, that Men being queſtion'd on any Subject, if the Queſtion be fairly and rightly ſtated, are never at a loſs for a true Anſwer: Which could not be without Reaſon and internal Knowledge: Nay try them upon Schemes and Problems in Geometry, or ſuch like Difficulties, and they ſhall preſently apprehend the Reaſons of the Solution.—If this Proof, *Simmias*, do not ſatisfie you (reply'd *Socrates*) lend me your Ear and Attention to bring you over into my Argument. You cannot perſwade your ſelf to believe, that which is term'd Learning is nothing but Recollection.—I am not wholly Unbelieving, ſays *Simmias*; but I would fain be Maſter of this Recollection you ſpeak of: And even from what *Cebes* has advanc'd, I begin to remember and be convinc'd; however let not this Confeſſion rob me of your Notions thereupon, *Socrates*.—Why, thus I determine: we admit in ſome kind, that what e-

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ver any Man remembers, he muſt have at ſome time before known.—— Without doubt.—— Do we admit likewiſe that Knowledge coming to us in a peculiar Way, is Remembrance? What I mean by a peculiar Way is this; That when looking upon or hearing of, or by any other of our Senſes, being inform'd of any particular thing, we not only know the Object preſented, but form Ideas of ſome different thing, which we owe to a different Inſtinct; muſt we not reaſonably call this a Remembrance of a thing we have ſuch Extempore Notions of. ——How's that? ſays *Simmias*. —— Thus (replies *Socrates*) the Knowledge we have of a Man, and of an Harp, require different Ideas: And yet, you know, 'tis common for Lovers, when they behold an Inſtrument, a Garment, or any thing elſe which is uſed by their darling Friend, not only to know the Implement, but alſo to entertain in their Thoughts an Image of the admir'd Object of their Wiſhes: And this is a Remembrance: Or we may ſuppoſe it often happens, that a Perſon ſeeing *Simmias*, thinks of *Cebes*: I might produce you a thouſand Inſtances of this Nature. Therefore are not things of this kind meer Recollection? But eſpecially in Caſes where we have loſt the Impreſſions of any Object, either thro' Length of Time, Abſence, or Careleſsneſs of Temper. Well; then what ſhall we ſay of this, where ſeeing the Picture of an Horſe or a Lyre, we bethink us of a Man; Or where we ſee the Picture of *Simmias*, and bethink us of *Cebes*? And yet we may know it deſign'd for *Simmias*. Then at this Rate, 'tis uſual for Recollection to ſpring from a Likeneſs of the thing remember'd, and from what is unlike too: But when we recollect any Object, from its Likeneſs preſented to our View, muſt we not be Judges at the ſame time, whether this Likeneſs is defective, or whether it comes up to the Original we remember by it. ——It muſt be of Conſequence, replies *Simmias*.—— Then obſerve well, good *Simmias*, (replies *Socrates*) if my enſuing Remarks are juſt: Have not we Notions of Equality? I ſpeak not of that Equality betwixt one Piece of Timber and another, one Stone and another, nor any thing like that, but of a peculiar Equality excluſive of theſe Forms:

Do we know when this Equality is? If ſo, whence did we derive this Knowledge? Was it not had from the Objects I mentioned; as from ſeeing Trees, or Stones, or ſuch Things equal to one another, we frame our Thoughts to Proportions in other Qualities. Let us examine this Argument thus: Do not the very Trees and Stones, that are always the ſame, ſometimes appear equal, ſometimes unequal to us? What, can Equality aſſume a Semblance of Inequality? Never: Then this Equality, and the Thing we frame it by, are different. —— 'Tis agreed.—— But yet this very Object of Proportion, which varies from Equality, ſupplies us with our Ideas and Knowledge of intellectual Equality: Is it not the ſame, whether the Object of the Eye has a Proportion to the Image in our Mind? There is no manner of Difference: For as when we look on any Object, and from that View reflect on a different Image, that may or may not bear a Reſemblance to the Thing preſent, it is neceſſary that we call this Remembrance: So ſhall we ſay the Conſequence is the ſame from the Inſtance of the Wood or Stone? Are they ſo equal as to come up to our inward Ideas of Equality; or are they defective and ſhort of this imagined Proportion? ——Certainly defective—— But do not we admit, that where ever a Man thinks one thing would be equal to another, tho' the Object is not really equal to the Idea, but far ſhort; that the Perſon who frames this Compariſon of Equality in his Thoughts, muſt have a Knowledge of that imagined Species to which he thinks the Object bears a Likeneſs, tho' not in its full Perfection. ——'Tis undeniable.—— What then? Is not the ſame Effect produc'd from meaſuring this Equality by Things really equal: Then 'tis Demonſtration that we had a prior Knowledge of this Equality, or elſe we could not form Compariſons of it from Objects, tho' not entirely ſo equal as our Conceptions. Nay, we go yet further in our Conceſſions, that we neither deriv'd theſe Ideas, nor could poſſibly attain them, but from the Miniſtry of ſome of the Senſes: And all Eſſences will fall under the ſame Diſtinction:—— Then your Proofs will eaſily riſe to the Argument in hand, *Socrates*;---- Then we

we muſt owe this Notion to our Senſe; that all Objects of the Senſes make, in ſome Meaſure, Approaches to the abſtracted Equality of our Thoughts, tho' not fully proportion it.—— Doubtleſs—— But then, even before we began to ſee, or hear, or have any Senſation, we muſt have poſſeſs'd an internal Knowledge of Equality, to be capable of making Judgments of it from Objects, ſo as to perceive how far they bear a Reſemblance to our Ideas, and where they give out.--- That is but a natural Reſult from the foregoing Argument, *Socrates*. —— But do we not ſee, hear, and feel the Operations of Senſe immediately from our Births: But, as I ſaid before, our Knowledge of Equality was prior to our Familiarity with Senſe; therefore it ſeems plain, we were endued with that Knowledge before we were born.—— It is clearly ſo.—— If then we had it before our Birth, we were born with it; and if ſo, then before our Births too, and immediately after, we had the true inherent Notions, not only of Equality, but of Magnitude, Smallneſs, and all ſuch Things: For the ſame Argument does not only comprehend our Knowledge of Equality, but of Beauty, Goodneſs, Juſtice, Sanctity, and, as I may ſay, of all Qualities which have a Being, and are allow'd ſuch in our Diſputations; and implies, that the Knowledge of them all was implanted in us before we were born. And if we were not continually forgetting the Knowledge of theſe Impreſſions, there were the ſame Neceſſity for us always to know them, as to be born with them. For the Definition of Knowing, is to retain, and not loſe, what we have learnt: And the Definition of Forgetting, is the loſing that Knowledge we before were poſſeſs'd of.—— 'Tis granted, *Socrates*. —— If then we had ſuch Knowledge, before born; and loſe it in the Criſis of our Nativities; then recover it again by the Aſſiſtance of the Senſes: Is not then this kind of Learning a Recollection of Ideas foreknown, and ſhould we not properly term it Remembrance?—— Certainly. ——And we have before explain'd that Poſition, That when we from any of our Senſes grow acquainted with any Object, we thence recover Ideas of ſome other thing which we had till then forgot, and which this Object reviv'd in our Minds, either thro' a

Reſemblance or Difference of Form: So that we muſt admit one of theſe two Aſſertions: That we all had this Knowledge at our Birth, and preſerv'd it thro' the whole Courſe of our Lives; or that thoſe who learn it, do but recollect what they before knew; and that this Diſcipline is properly Remembrance. — It is exactly ſo, *Socrates*. — Which of theſe two Principles then do you embrace, *Simmias*? That we are born with this Knowledge, or that we afterwards recollect what we before had learnt? — I am uncertain, *Socrates*, which of the two to adhere to. — Well then; can you give me your Sentiments on this Head, whether a Man of Knowledge can give a Reaſon for what he knows? — Without Queſtion, *Socrates*. — But do you think every Body can give a Reaſon for what we have been diſcourſing? — I wiſh they could, (reply'd *Simmias*) but I much more fear, that to-morrow's Sun will not ſee a Man left that dares aſpire to that Pitch. — Then ſure you do not think, *Simmias*, that all Men have this Knowledge in them? — By no Means. — Do they then recollect what they have known? — Poſſibly they may — When then did our Souls receive this Knowledge? Not after we entred on this State of Human Life. — No certainly. — Then we had it before we were born? — Yes. — Then, *Simmias*, our Souls had an Exiſtence ſeparate from the Body, and a reaſoning Knowledge, before its Union with Mortality. — Unleſs, *Socrates*, we receive this Knowledge juſt at the Inſtant of our Birth. For this Interval is not yet excepted. — Well, granting this, my Friend *Simmias*, at what Juncture did we loſe this Knowledge? For we were not born with it, as was before admitted: Did we then forfeit it again, the very Moment we receiv'd it; or can you point me out the Time? — No indeed, *Socrates*; but I was not aware I trifled. — Then, *Simmias*, may we determine thus, replies *Socrates*; If that Juſtice and Goodneſs, which we daily talk of, have actual Beings, by whoſe intellectual Function we can compare external Objects; and if finding in our ſelves this Sufficiency, we lay it out afterwards on forming Judgments by the Senſe, it follows of Neceſſity, that as theſe Qualities are inherent to us, prior to the Obſervations we make from them;

them; ſo it follows alſo that our Souls have an Exiſtence before they contribute to the animating theſe Forms. If theſe Things are not ſo, our Arguments then ſtand on a very precarious Foot: For are there not the ſame cogent Reaſons, that theſe Eſſences as well as our Souls are antecedent to our Births; and that if their Exiſtences are denied, the Nature of the Soul muſt fall under the ſame Concluſion.—— Your Arguments, O *Socrates*, wonderfully perſwade me to the ſame Opinion, (reply'd *Simmias*) and the moſt exquiſite Reaſons guide us to this Confeſſion, with a comfortable Proſpect, that our Souls, as well as thoſe very Eſſences you were ſpeaking of, were produc'd before our Births; for I am aſſured of nothing more, than of the Exiſtences of all theſe inherent Principles of Juſtice, Piety, and the like; and am fully ſatisfied in the Proofs of your Diſcourſe.—— But what ſays *Cebes* to it, (replies *Socrates*) for I muſt endeavour to reconcile him to their Tenor.—— I am apt to think (ſays *Simmias*) tho' he were the moſt hard of Belief and obſtinate in Objections, he muſt be here fully convinc'd; and that he is perfectly perſwaded our Souls had a Being before our Births: But whether they will ſurvive the Deceaſe of the Body, is not altogether, *Socrates*, ſo evidently made out in my Opinion. For that ſtrong Doubt of the Vulgar, which *Cebes* touch'd on but now, is yet unanſwer'd, *Of the Soul's Diſſipation when the Body dies*: For as I ſee no great Improbability in the Soul's Exiſtence, and being ſummon'd from its firſt State to an Union with the Body; ſo after it has run thro' this Command, what hinders but it may be annihilated, and periſh with its Companion?—— You ſay true, *Simmias*, reply'd *Cebes*, I join with you, that but one Part of the Controverſie is prov'd of the Soul's Exiſtence before our Birth; and if he deſigns his Argument ſhould prevail in all its Force, he muſt ſupport it with this Demonſtration, That after our Deaths the Soul exiſts as certainly as before we were born——'Tis already prov'd to you both, Gentlemen, (replies *Socrates*) if you pleaſe to join this Proof to what you have already admitted, *That all living Things ſpring from Death*: For if the Soul has an Exiſtence before it is coupled to humane

mane Nature, that Exiſtence ariſes from nothing but Death; muſt it not of conſequence follow that it ſhould ſurvive the Body, ſince it muſt return to Life. And thus this Aſſertion is fully prov'd: But you, and *Simmias*, ſeem to have a Mind to diſcuſs this Matter farther; and perhaps, like Children, are poſſeſs'd with a Fear, that the Air may have a Power of diſſolving and ſcattering the Frame of the Soul as it is quitting the Body; eſpecially where this Death does not fall under a temperate Climate, and where the Winds are leſs ruffling and turbulent.------ *Cebes*, ſmiling, reply'd to this, Then imagine we have theſe Fears, *Socrates*, and beat us out of them: Nay, do not think our Apprehenſions meerly feign'd; but perhaps there is ſome ſuch boyiſh Spirit really amongſt us; Therefore attempt to ſubvert that Cowardice, that he may not look on Death as a Hobgoblin.——— O! ſuch Fears (ſays *Socrates*) muſt be corrected by daily and continued Applications, and, as it were, Exorciſms, 'till the Party be reſtor'd to truer Notions.—— But where (replies *Cebes*) ſhall we meet with this Cure when you are gone from us, *Socrates*? ------ Oh, *Greece* is a wide Place, (ſays *Socrates*) and ſtor'd with Men of Skill and Probity; and there are many other Nations to be conſulted on this important Subject, in which you ought neither to ſpare your Bodies or Eſtates. For you cannot expend your Stock in a nobler Cauſe; Nay, take Directions from your own good Counſels, and I queſtion if you will any where find more potent Antidotes than from your ſelves.------ Well; but enough of this, (ſays *Cebes*) and, if you pleaſe, let us return from our Digreſſions to the matter in hand.—— It pleaſes me well, replies *Socrates*, for why ſhould it not? In order to this, we muſt examine to what this Pathos, or Quality of Diſſipation is incident, where it is chiefly to be feared, and on what Side; then we muſt enquire into the Nature of our Souls, and from this Search either depend on our Hopes, or ſubmit to our Fears. Now does it not ſeem reaſonable that a compounded Being ſhould be ſubject to this Accident, and be ſcatter'd by the ſame Rule that it is compounded: But whatever is uncompounded, that

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alone is not obnoxious to Diſſolution: Now thoſe Things that are always in the ſame Poſture and Condition, are they not, think you, of a pure and ſimple Nature? But thoſe things that differ in their Complexion and Quality, and admit Change, are of a compounded Eſſence. Now let me return to the Examination of thoſe Eſſences I but now was ſpeaking of; and whoſe Definition we agreed on in the preceding Argument, to find whether they are of a Property liable to Change, or not: Do Equality, Beauty, and all thoſe Beings, ſuffer any Transformation; or do they continue Uniform, Unmixt and Incapable of Change? ——Of Neceſſity, ſays *Cebes*, they muſt be of a pure and unalterable Nature.—— But how ſhall we determine, replies *Socrates*, of many Objects of Beauty, as Men, Horſes, fine Garments and the like, that are own'd to have Beauty and regular Proportion in them, and in ſhort of all ſuch things; do they retain their Nature pure and unchang'd? or are they always ſhifting their Qualities and Complexions, and never Stable or Permanent: —— Never, (ſays *Cebes*,) in the ſame Condition.——Becauſe theſe things, replies *Socrates*, are to be ſeen and felt, and are communicable to the Senſes; but all thoſe Eſſences that are incapable of Change, are alſo Inviſible, and can only be diſcern'd by the Eye of Reaſon and Knowledge.—— (True, ſays *Cebes*) ——Shall I then conſider theſe two Species's, under the diſtinct Claſſes of Viſible and Inviſible? Is it not granted that the Inviſible is Unchangeable; the Viſible, always varying? —— We muſt admit it. —To proceed then; does the Compoſition of Man conſiſt in any thing more than a Body and Soul? To which Species is the Body moſt Ally'd? ——(Undoubtedly, to the Viſible.——To which, the Soul; is that alſo Viſible? ——Not to Mankind.——But I ſpake (ſays *Socrates*) only in reference to ſuch Eſſences, as are either to be ſeen or not ſeen by Human Nature. Therefore what ſhall we ſay of the Soul, is it Viſible or not? —— Certainly Inviſible.——Then the Soul only is to be rang'd under that Claſs; the Body, under viſible Things. And does it not happen, as I above remark'd; that when the Soul takes in the Body a Partner in its Contemplations, and

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makes uſe of its Corporeal Offices to ſee, hear, or any other ways Miniſter to her Conceptions (for the Aſſociation of the Body is always an Appeal to the Senſes) is ſhe not pull'd down by the Body to Converſe with changeable Matter, and is embroil'd and confounded in Error and Perplexity; and ſtagger'd, like a Man in drink, by that groſs Communication: But when collected only within her ſelf, and working by her own Powers, there the Commerce is entirely perfect, and her Views Immortal and Unchangeable; and as being a-kin to ſuch Objects ſhe dwells upon them as long as poſſible, and for ſuch time keeps herſelf uncontaminated and pure, as converſing with that which admits no Change or Error, and this Paſſion of the Soul is term'd Wiſdom or Prudence. —— You ſpeak admirably well and truly, O *Socrates*. —— Then again I ask you upon the Premiſſes, (ſays *Socrates*) to which you think the Soul bears greateſt Conformity? —— I think *Socrates*, replies *Cebes*, that none can be ſo blockiſh or ſtubborn but muſt yield upon your Arguments, that the Soul in all things reſembles the unchangeable Quality, and the Body the mutable Species. —— Let us examine it again thus, ſays *Socrates*; while the Body and Soul are United, Nature has ordain'd that the one ſhall ſubmit and be the Slave; the other direct, and impoſe Command. Which then do you think the proper Office of the Divine Part? Is not its Divine Eſſence appointed for Rule, and the Mortal Part fit for Subjection? Which ſeems moſt conſonant to the Soul? —— 'Tis evident, *Socrates*, that the Soul is conformable to a Divine Exiſtence, the Body to a Mortal Being —— Obſerve then, my dear *Cebes*, (replies *Socrates*) whether our foregoing Arguments do not hang together and produce one another? That the Soul moſt ſtrictly reſembles a Divine, Immortal, Intellectual, Uniform, Indiſſoluble, and Unchanging Eſſence; but our Body is as nearly related to the Human, Mortal, Senſible, Compounded, Diſſolvable and Ever-changing Nature. Can any Objections be ſtarted here, *Cebes*, to invalidate this Part of our Depoſitions? —— Certainly, no. —— Upon this Aſſertion then does it not follow, that the Body ſhould be ſoon Incident to Diſſolution,

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but the Soul never liable to Diſſipation, or any thing like it? Do you not further perceive, that when the Man dies, the Viſible Body, that is laid out in View, and which we call the Carcaſs, and which is obnoxious to Diſſolution, Periſhing, and Corruption; yet does not immediately ſuffer theſe Changes; but if it was, when living, of a ſtrong and hale Conſtitution, it preſerves its Beauty and Flower untainted for ſome time: Bodies, that are dry'd and embalm'd after the *Ægyptian* manner, are kept whole for an incredible Seaſon: And even where the Fleſh does Corrupt, yet ſome Parts of the Body, as Bones and Nerves, if I may ſo ſay, laſt for ever: But the inviſible Soul, retiring to a Region like it ſelf, Excellent, Pure, Inviſible, and hid from Mortal Eyes, returns to a God of Wiſdom and Goodneſs: whither my Soul, if God ſo permit, ſhall preſently retire: Shall a Soul then of ſuch an Eſſence and Conſtitution, as ſoon as ever it is diſengag'd from the Body, be diſſipated and periſh, as many alledge? It is far otherwiſe, my dear *Cebes* and *Simmias*. And eſpecially where the Soul takes its flight, clogg'd with none of the Corporeal Groſsneſs, but full of its own Eſſential Purity, as having had no Commerce with the Frailties of the Fleſh during its Union, but avoiding the Pollutions of Matter, collected within it ſelf, and always contemplating its own Eſſence, which Contemplations are only the true Study of Philoſophy, and Art of Dying. For is not it this that makes us fit to Die? Therefore does not a Soul thus affected depart to a State of Divinity like it ſelf? a State of Divinity, Immortality, and Wiſdom? where, when arrived, ſhe becomes entirely Happy, diſburthen'd of that Train of Errors and Ignorance, Fears and Affections, and thoſe perplexing Paſſions ſhe labour'd under in her Human Converſation; and as it is ſaid of thoſe who are initiated in ſacred Myſteries, her whole time is taken up amongſt the Gods. May we conclude thus, or no, *Cebes*?——Without Queſtion, replies *Cebes*.——But if on the contrary ſhe take leave of the Body, polluted and impure, as having been a conſtant Partner in its Actions, lov'd and ſerv'd it only, and having been ſo far inchanted and ſeduc'd with its

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Pleaſures and Affections, as to look out for no further Solidity or Truth, but what was Corporeal and was digeſted by the Eye, Touch, Palate, or carnal Appetite; as having all along abjur'd and deteſted, dreaded and avoided the Knowledge of Ideas inviſible and Strangers to the Eye of the Body, of Intellectual Eſſences, and only diſcernable by Philoſophy: Does, I ſay, a Soul under theſe Circumſtances retain all its Native Purity and depart Uninfected? —— By no means, ſays *Cebes*—— Rather in my Mind, replies *Socrates*, it is contaminated with Filth, from an habitual Intimacy and Mixture with the Fleſh, from deſcending to its Frailties, and conſorting its own Purity with Corruption of the Body. Therefore, my Friend, this Soul drags with it heavy, groſs, earthy, and viſible Qualities, which retard her Flight, and keep her down in theſe viſible Regions; aw'd with the Proſpects of incomprehenſible Light, and, as 'tis ſaid, skulking about Monuments and Sepulchres: Where frequently obſcure Phantoms have appear'd, which are no other than theſe reſtleſs and polluted Souls, that thro' their Impurities aſſume a Form and Viſibility.——And this Conjecture is very reaſonable, ſays *Cebes*. —— But then 'tis reaſonable, replies *Socrates*, that we judge theſe only the Souls of Ill Men that are condemn'd to theſe Wandrings, as a Puniſhment for the Criminal Tranſactions of their Lives: And they continue in theſe impure Wandrings, untill, thro' the Affection to a Corporeal State, which attends them, they again are cloath'd with a Body, and renew the Practice, in all Probability, of the ſame Impurities they purſued in their former Life: As for Example, *Cebes*, thoſe who waſted the Hours of Life in a Courſe of Luxury and Looſeneſs, abandon'd to Shame and Intemperance, are fit only to aſſume the forms of Aſſes and ſuch Brutes: Are not your Sentiments the ſame? —— 'Tis moſt probable, replies *Cebes*. —— And thoſe whoſe Paſſions have chiefly inclin'd them to Oppreſſions, Tyranny, and Rapine, are they not fitteſt for Wolves, Hawks and Kites? or can ſuch Souls be better diſpoſed of?—— Not a jot.—— I might Inſtance the ſame, of the other Paſſions; that they are inveſted with a Species and external Form, ſuitable to the Tenor and Bent of their Manners.

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—It is moſt evident, ſays *Cebes*—But then, replies *Socrates*, are not the moſt happy of theſe Ranging Souls, and ſuch as are allotted to more agreeable Errors, the Spirits of Men who have exerciſed the Popular and Civil Virtues, which are called Temperance and Juſtice, that without the Concurrence of Philoſophy, and exalted Reaſon, have attain'd theſe Principles by Habit and ſtrict Obſervance.—But what muſt be their Degree of Felicity?—Why, 'tis reaſonable they ſhould animate ſome Gentle and Politick Species, ſuch as of Bees, Waſps, or Piſmires, or that they ſhould again tranſmigrate into Humanity, and become calm and reaſonable Men; but there is no thought of any being admitted into the Society of the Gods, but thoſe who have ardently aſpir'd to true Wiſdom, liv'd up to the ſtrict Dictates of Philoſophy, and departed this Life entirely pure. This Bleſſing is only in reſerve, my dear Friends, for the true Philoſophical Livers, that abſtain from ever gratifying the ſenſible Appetite, that perſevere in Virtue, and never ſurrender themſelves to Frailty, that are not baulk'd by the Apprehenſions of Poverty or Calamities of their Race (for too many have thoſe Intereſts at Heart,) that can look down upon Contempt and Ignominy of Malice, as they who hunt after Dignity and Honours cannot, and even avoid all thoſe glittering Temptations.—It were to forfeit their Character, replied *Cebes*.—Moſt certainly, ſays *Socrates*, and therefore ſuch as cultivate their Souls, and are never inſlav'd by the Bodily Affections, but deſpiſe its Inſinuations, tread in a different Path from thoſe that do not ſee the way before them. They are convinc'd they ſhould not run Counter to their Philoſophy, but expect to be purify'd and deliver'd by it, and follow its Steps where-ever they direct.—How is that, *Socrates*, replied *Cebes*?—I'll explain my ſelf, ſays *Socrates*: Theſe true Lovers of Knowledge are perſuaded, that Philoſophy muſt make its Attempts upon the Soul, bound and intangled in Fleſh, and as it were forc'd to look out on Objects thro' the Priſon of the Body, and not being in a Capacity to purſue theſe Views alone, is plung'd into Depths of Error and Ignorance; and that Philoſophy ſeeing the Strength of the Chain, and that the Cord is

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ſtreightned and indulged by fond Deſires of the Spirit, which conſpire againſt it ſelf, and aſſiſt Captivity: I ſay, the Lovers of Knowledge perceiving, that Philoſophy muſt engage the Soul at all theſe Diſadvantages; know, that ſhe gently enters on the Work; begins the Reſcue by Undeceiving the Soul, by ſhewing her what treacherous Judgment the Eyes, Ears, and other Senſes make of things, by weaning her from their Faction, and adviſing her only to employ them as Properties of Neceſſity; to call her own Powers only to Council, to rely alone on her ſelf, and ſingly to ſurvey all Beings naked, and in their abſtracted Qualities, and to account all Objects falſe and deceitful, which ſhe muſt grow acquainted with thro' the Offices of the Body; that all ſuch Eſſences are barely viſible, and ſubject to the Fallacy of Senſe; but that the Diſcoveries purely her own are intellectual and inviſible. Thus therefore the Soul of a true Philoſopher being perſwaded that he ought not to retard her Freedom, reſiſts Pleaſures, Deſires, Sorrows and Fears to the utmoſt of his Power; judging, that by being over-pleaſed or frighten'd at, over-fond, or afflicted at any thing, he expoſes himſelf not only to the common attending Evils, ſuch as the contracting Diſtempers, or waſting of Subſtance, but falls into the laſt and greateſt of Miſchiefs, and which is not to be foreſeen by frail Senſe.——What Miſchief do you mean *Socrates*? reply'd *Cebes*.——That when the Soul of Man is drawn by the Affections to be mightily rejoyc'd or griev'd at any Accident, and looks on the Object of ſuch Concern as a Truth and Reality in Nature, when at the ſame time 'tis but a meer Phantom of the Senſe; and are not all viſible Eſſences of the ſame Stamp? And is not the Soul cramp'd and chain'd down by theſe Corporeal Paſſions ſo ſtrongly, that they even grapple her cloſe, and make her a-piece with the Body, nail her down with Pleaſures and Sorrows, and infect her ſo groſly, that ſhe accounts all the Suggeſtions of Nature to be veritable Principles; for by embracing the ſame Opinions with the Body, and the ſame Courſe of Pleaſures, ſhe is compell'd to aſſume the ſame Manners and Conſtitution, ſo that ſhe can never depart pure into the future State; but full of the Tinctures and Stains

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of Human Nature; and therefore it ſoon Relapſes into another Body, and there, as if it were Sown, ſprings up a-freſh to Action: And by theſe Impurities becomes incapable of a Commerce with the Divine, pure and uncompounded Eſſence.——'Tis very true, *Socrates*, reply'd *Cebes*.——Upon theſe Perſuaſions therefore, *Cebes*, your true Admirers of Wiſdom court Temperance and Fortitude, and not on ſuch Scores as the Vulgar imagine: Are your Thoughts the ſame?——Certainly, *Socrates*.——A Philoſopher muſt always think thus, nor ever incline to a Notion; that when Philoſophy has once releas'd the Soul from the Bondage of the Senſe, it muſt again ſurrender it ſelf to Pleaſures and Diſquiets, again put on the Fetters of Paſſion, and like *Penelope* unravel all it had been doing; but rather in a Calm and Tranquility of Temper, following the Dictates of Reaſon, and never departing from them, it contemplates its true Divine and incomprehenſible Eſſence; is ſupported and nouriſhed by ſuch Thoughts, and inſtructed how to live; and convinc'd that when Death comes it ſhall be reſcued from the Miſeries of this Life, and have an Abode with an Eſſence of Purity like itſelf: From ſuch a Foundation of Principles and Practice, my dear Friends, can we fear for our Souls, that when they are diſcarded from our Bodies, their Eſſence ſhall be diſſipated and ſcatter'd by the Wind, and ſuffer a total Annihilation?

When *Socrates* had ſaid thus, all were ſilent for a conſiderable time; and during the Pauſe he ſeem'd to muſe on what he had ſaid, and we indeed were all employed in the ſame kind; but *Cebes* and *Simmias* were ſtill whiſpering together between whiles, which *Socrates* obſerving, And what are your Sentiments, Gentlemen, upon the whole? (ſays he) Is any part of the Argument not ſo fully handled as you deſire? For, I doubt not, but many Doubts remain, and Objections may be ſtarted, if any of you would be at the trouble to run thro' 'em. If your Conference be on other Matters, I would not be Inquiſitive; but if you heſitate on any Points of our Diſcourſe, do not refuſe or be cautious of producing what you are diſſatisfied in, or where you think my Proofs may be mended; but take me into your Enquiries, if you ima-

gine I can contribute to your further Satisfaction.—— I'll tell you the real Truth, *Socrates*, replies *Simmias*; we were both in ſome ſmall Doubts, and urging one another to ſtart our Queries in order to be reſolv'd. But we were afraid, leaſt under theſe unhappy Circumſtances, our Demands might be diſtaſteful and irkſome. *Socrates* hearing this, with a calm Smile, reply'd; Good Gods! Sure I ſhould find it a hard Task to convince Strangers that I am under no Oppreſſion at my *Sentence*, when I can not even work you to this Belief: For you ſeem to fear I ſhould now be more dejected and uneaſie, than in any former part of my Life: And that I have leſs Preſcience than the Swan, who feeling the Approach of Death, ſings in more ſweet and chearful Notes than ever he was wont, as if delighted to go to the Deity, his Patron. But thoſe Men who themſelves have dreadful Apprehenſions of Death, caſt the ſame Reflection on this Harmony of the Swan, as if he bewail'd his Death, and exercis'd Sorrow in his Melody. But theſe Men have not made it their Obſervation, that no Bird whatever will ſing, when either very Cold or Hungry, or in any Melancholy, not even the Nightingale, Swallow or Lapwing, whoſe Notes are ſaid to ſpring from a Cauſe of Sadneſs: But I am as far from thinking their Muſick is owing to any ſuch Source, as that of the Swan, who being a Fowl conſecrated to *Apollo*, in my Opinion has ſome glimmering Knowledge of the Felicity of his next State, and therefore ſings and exults before his Death more than at any other time: Nay I look on my ſelf as a Fellow-Servant of that Bird, that I am equally conſecrated to *Apollo*, that he has imparted to me likewiſe a Portion of Divination, and that I am not in the leaſt more backward, than the Swan, to quit this Being: Therefore you are free to Diſcourſe and Queſtion me on whatever you pleaſe, as long as the Eleven Magiſtrates of *Athens* have permitted me to Live.—— You talk glorioufly, *Socrates*, reply'd *Simmias*; and have encourag'd me to ſpeak my Doubts, and afterwards *Cebes* ſhall declare what he cannot eaſily admit: I am of Opinion with you, *Socrates*, that 'tis very hard, or even Impoſſible to come

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to the Knowledge of the Truth in this World; but after what has been alledg'd on this Head, not to ſift and examine the Argument to the Bottom, or to give over the Scrutiny, before every Thought has been rack'd and Objections tir'd out, I think, would argue a very indolent and careleſs Diſpoſition; 'tis a Duty incumbent on us, either to ſearch after Truth our ſelves, or permit our ſelves to be inſtructed. If we can profit by neither of theſe Means, our next Work is to lay hold on the beſt and ſafeſt human Reaſons, and to embark with them, as in a Ship, to waft us over all the Storms of this Life; when we cannot be furniſh'd with a Vehicle of better Strength, or the Guidance of ſome Divine Promiſes, to reſcue us from Dangers and aſſure our Safety: And now I ſhall make no Scruples to put my Queſtions, ſince you are inclin'd to hear them; leaſt when too late I ſhould have Cauſe to condemn my ſelf, for not having ſpoke my Thoughts. In Sincerity *Socrates*, when *Cebes* and I were tracing back your Arguments, we did not find your Proofs ſatisfactory.—— Perhaps, ſays *Socrates*, there may be very good Grounds for Objection; but inform me, my Friend, where the Weakneſs of my Demonſtrations lies.-----In this Point, replies *Simmias*, That your Arguments may be applicable to Harmony and an Harp; that this Harmony is ſomething Inviſible and Incorporeal; and when the Inſtrument is rightly in Tune, moſt Exquiſite and Divine: But that the Harp it ſelf and the Strings are a Body, of real Matter, compounded, Earthy, and Mortal in kind: Now tho' the Harp it ſelf ſhould be ſplit, or its Strings be cut or break, by the ſame Rule you advanc'd, we might aſſert of Conſequence, that the Harmony has ſtill an Exiſtence and is not injur'd by theſe Fractions: For we cannot ſuppoſe it reaſonable, that the Matter which compoſes an Harp ſhould remain after the Strings are broke off, and the Strings themſelves tho' of a corruptible Nature; and yet that the Harmony, which is of a Divine and Immortal Eſſence, ſhould be diſſolv'd before the periſhable Subſtance: But then it might be objected; Oh, this Harmony has only chang'd its Seat, and has ſtill a Being ſomewhere, and the Wood and Strings

ſhall rot to nothing, before that feels any Decay: Now I think, *Socrates*, that this Compariſon has no ſmall Tendency to your Proofs, and that you reckon the Quality of our Souls bears a Conformity to this Harmony: And that as our Bodies are compos'd of a Mixture of cold and hot, moiſt and dry, and ſuch like Qualities, our Souls are the Harmony reſulting from a juſt Temperature, and happy Compoſition of theſe Qualities: If then our Soul is a ſort of Harmony, whenever our Body is by Diſeaſes or Accidents immoderately ſcrew'd up or ſlacken'd, there is a Neceſſity that our Soul (tho' of a Divine Eſſence) muſt immediately periſh, as much as any other Harmonies, that proceed either from Vocal or Inſtrumental Sounds: And that the Reliques of every Body muſt out-laſt it, 'till they are either conſum'd by Fire, or waſted in their own Corruption: Conſider therefore how this Objection may be anſwer'd, if 'tis admitted that the Soul exiſts in this juſt Temperature of Qualities in the Body, and that it is the firſt Sufferer upon a Diſſolution.

Socrates, who had often and earneſtly ey'd us round during this Diſcourſe, ſmiling, anſwer'd: There is Reaſon in what you ſay, *Simmias*; if therefore any of you are ſupply'd with a ſtronger or more ſprightly Faculty of taking off this Objection, than my ſelf, why will he not begin? Indeed, *Simmias* has not enter'd into the Argument amiſs: And if I muſt anſwer him, I would chuſe firſt to hear *Cebes*'s Exceptions likewiſe, and gain that Interval of Thought, in order to my Reply. And when I am Maſter of both your Reaſons, to ſubmit to them, if they are juſt and well grounded; if otherwiſe, to evince them by better Proofs and embrace my own Aſſertions: Wherefore, good *Cebes*, proceed to let me know what it is troubles your Aſſent to my Opinion. ——I'll tell you, (ſays *Cebes*:) And my Reaſons are running back upon an Objection already made, and which your Proofs have not overthrown. For that the Soul had an Exiſtence before it animated an human Body, I do not deny but there is a world of Juſtice and Beauty in this Notion; and unleſs this were a Principle of ſuch Weight and Conſequence, I ſhould not ſtick to affirm

it

it is fully made out: But that our Souls ſurvive the Deceaſe of the Body, I cannot think that ſo plainly demonſtrated: Nor yet can I yield to *Simmias* in his Argument, that the Soul is not more ſtrong and durable than the Body: For I am of Opinion, that the Soul has many Degrees of Excellence beyond the Body. But then the Objection comes upon me here with all its force, and asks me, why I entertain my Doubts? For if looking on a dead Man, you are convinc'd that what you reckon the weakeſt part of his Compoſition is ſtill remaining; do not you think that his more laſting Eſſence is at the ſame time preſerv'd, and in Being? Now obſerve, what I have to reply: And I muſt ſupport my Reaſons with an Alluſion, as *Simmias* did: And to me the Scope of that Argument ſeems to imply thus much; as if upon the Death of an old Weaver, ſomebody ſhould argue, This Man is not dead, but probably has an Exiſtence ſomewhere: And ſhould then produce the Garment, which he wore while in his Buſineſs as a Proof of the Allegation, that he was ſtill in being and not dead: And if any one would not ſwallow this for Demonſtration, he would ask, Which do you look upon to be moſt durable, a Man, or his Cloaths which are in wearing every Day: Oh, certainly the Man, you muſt reply; and then he would advance it for an inconteſtable Proof, that the Man muſt undoubtedly Exiſt, when his frailer Properties (his Cloaths) were ſtill in being: But this Poſition is not rightly founded, *Simmias*; therefore be pleas'd to obſerve my Replication. For there's no Body but muſt ſee thro' the Abſurdity of ſuch an Aſſertion. For this Weaver, who had wove many Garments and wore them out when he had done, did not die 'till he had wore them out, and yet dy'd before his laſt Sute came in wear: And upon this, it does not follow, that the Man is weaker, or of a more vile Eſſence; than that Sute of Cloaths. I think this has a mighty Reſemblance to the Caſe of the Soul and Body; and whoever would make the Parallel, I think might do it very reaſonably: That the Soul is the more laſting, but the Body weaker and leſs durable; and might alledge, that one Soul might wear out more than one Body, eſpecially

if it lives a Number of Years. For if the Body waſte and decay, even while the Man's alive, and the Soul weave it ſelf out a new Being from ſuch Decays; yet when that it ſelf comes to die, 'tis evident it has its laſt Garment on, and can only periſh before that laſt Body: But before the Diſſolution of the Soul, that the Body confeſſes all its Weakneſs at once, and is in haſte for Corruption: So that we can lay no great ſtreſs on an Aſſertion, that our Souls ſhall ſurvive our Deceaſe: If then we ſhould admit to any one, that ſhould carry his Opinions farther than you have done, that our Souls had not only an Exiſtence before our Births, but that there is no Contradiction to its out-laſting ſome Bodies; and be brought to confeſs it may renew its Being in freſh Bodies, and be ſeparated again from them: For that the Soul is a Creation of ſuch Validity, that it can hold out the Diſſolution of ſeveral Bodies; yet after all this is granted, we could never allow, but that this Soul running thro' ſo many Generations muſt be harraſs'd and worn; and, after its Stages of renew'd Life, drop it ſelf with one of its Bodies into an entire Diſſolution: But then we could never pretend to know, which Body ſhould bring the Soul to ſuch End: For that is a Myſtery too deep for human Senſe to fathom. But if the Ordinance of Nature be ſuch, none but Ideots can die with Confidence, unleſs able to prove that the Eſſence of the Soul is Immortal and Indiſſoluble: For otherwiſe 'tis an unavoidable Conſequence, that every one at the Point of Death muſt be in Apprehenſions for his Soul, and be always anxious leaſt its next Separation from the Body ſhould bring it to nothing.

We were univerſally troubled to hear theſe Notions ſtarted, as we afterwards confeſs'd to each other, becauſe when we had mightily built on the Truth of the firſt Controverſie, theſe Arguments ſapp'd the Foundations of our Beliefs: And put us into ſuch deſponding Uncertainty, that we could neither depend on the Principles already laid down, nor on what *Socrates* was about to reply; and were ſuſpicious that we either were not proper Judges of ſuch Debates, or that the Matters in Diſpute were in no kind to be decided or rely'd on.

Echo.

Eche. I can very well diſpenſe with your Fears, *Phædo*; when I am poſſeſs'd with the ſame Jealouſies, at your recounting their Arguments. In ſhort, what can we pin our Faiths on? When *Socrates*'s Reaſons, that ſeem'd ſo well grounded, are now ſtagger'd and have loſt their Credit. For that Suggeſtion wonderfully affects me, and always did, that goes about to prove the Soul a kind of Harmony; and when you mention'd it, I immediately recollected that I my ſelf had once the ſame Notions. So that now I as much want to be convinc'd, as before I heard the Debate, that the Soul does not die with the Body. Therefore I conjure you to tell me, how *Socrates* went thro' with the Diſpute; was he under the ſame Diſorder, as you ſay you all were, or did he aſſert his Arguments with Calmneſs; and moreover did he defend his Opinions to your Satisfaction or no: Oblige me in being as particular on theſe Heads as you can.

Phæ. Tho' I always had an extream Veneration for *Socrates*; yet I never heard him, *Echecrates*, with near the Pleaſure and Admiration, as at that Inſtant. That he ſhould have an Anſwer ready to their Objections, gives me no ſuch Cauſe for Wonder; but I was equally ſurpriz'd, to ſee with what Sweetneſs, good Nature, and Serenity he heard the Cavils of theſe young Reaſoners; to ſee how ſenſible he was of the Impreſſions their Objections had made on us: And then how effectually he retriev'd us from the Confuſion they had put us in; rally'd us when defeated, and as it were running away, and brought us to ſtand the Shock of a freſh Conviction from his Arguments.

Eche. How could he bring it about?

Phæ. You ſhall hear: I luckily was ſeated on his right Hand, on a low Stool near his Bed: So that he ſat a pretty deal higher: And ſtroaking my Head, and preſſing my Hair in my Neck (for whenever I came in his way, he us'd to divert himſelf with my Hair) Perhaps (ſays he) *Phædo*, to Morrow you may cut off this lovely head of Hair: — I believe, I ſhall *Socrates*; ſaid I. — Not if you will be rul'd by me, reply'd he: — Why? ſaid I. — Becauſe, ſaid he, both you and I too

ſhould cut off our Hairs to Day, if our ſtrength of Reaſoning is ſo entirely dead, that we have no Hopes of reviving it: And if I were you, *Phædo*, and ſo defeated, I would make a Vow (as the *Argives* did) never to let my Hair grow again, 'till I had turn'd the Tables on *Simmias* and *Cebes*.—But, ſaid I, *Hercules* himſelf could never Encounter two at once. Then call on me for your *Iolaus*, (reply'd he) while yet the Day's before you. I do invoke your Aſſiſtance (ſaid I,) not as *Hercules* did *Iolaus*, but as *Iolaus* ſhould *Hercules*:—No matter for the Diſtinction, (ſaid he) but above all let us be arm'd againſt one Misfortune.—What is it, ſaid I?—That we do not grow Reaſon-haters, as there are Man-haters; reply'd *Socrates*: For we cannot fall under a worſe Inconvenience than this: And both the Averſions are deriv'd from the ſame Cauſe: For we are prejudic'd againſt a Perſon, when we have unadviſedly put our Confidence in him and depended on his Sincerity, and afterwards found him a falſe and treacherous Varlet: And thus when we have been often impos'd on, by thoſe on whom we moſt repos'd our Truſt, we are at length brought to a general ill Opinion, and a Belief that there is no ſuch thing as Sincerity in Man: Are not you ſenſible that 'tis often thus, *Phædo*?—I have indeed made it my Obſervation, ſaid I.—Is it not trifling then, ſaid he, and ſhews our Ignorance of the World, to engage with Men at this raſh rate? For if we examin'd and made Trials of them, we ſhould foreſee Conſequences; and know that there are very few Men either extreamly good, or wicked; but Millions indifferently ſo.—How is that, ſaid I?—Why 'tis the ſame as in the Caſe of any Great or Little Objects; (reply'd he:) Is any thing more rare than to meet with a Man, or Dog, or any thing elſe of a prodigious large Bulk, or very Minute: Or things of a very ſwift, or ſlow Nature, very handſome or very diſagreeable, very white, or very black? Are you not appris'd, that the very Extreams of all Qualities are next kin to Wonders, but that their Mediums are every Hour to be ſeen in Multitudes?—I am ſenſible of this, ſaid I.—Well then, ſays *Socrates*, if a Prize were to be fought for Wickedneſs,

neſs, would not very few enter the Liſts, or be proud of the top Character in the Contention? —I grant it, ſaid I. —You muſt, replies *Socrates*: But the Parallel of Men and Reaſons do not entirely agree. I'll come to you with my Meaning gradually. The Compariſon holds good only in this; that when any one who is not a Maſter in the Solidity of Reaſoning, embraces an Argument for Truth, and afterwards finds it has deceiv'd him: And that he now thinks he muſt believe thus, a little after, otherwiſe; and is at War with his own Sentiments: (as it is often the Caſe with thoſe who are much engag'd in Diſputations) ſuch a Man at leaſt imagines he is climb'd to the top of Wiſdom, and has certainly diſcover'd, that there is no Truth or Dependance on any thing, or any Reaſon, but that, like the Tide of *Euripus*, all things are of a fluctuating Nature, to be bandied backwards and forwards, and that they never hold a ſteady Courſe one way for above a Minute. Now is not this a wretched Infirmity in us, *Phædo*, that when there are ſure and ſolid Reaſons, and that may be comprehended ſuch, upon liſtening to Objections that one while ſeem juſt, another while meer Cavils, we ſhould be ſtagger'd in our Opinions, and not accuſe our own Indolence in giving up the Cauſe without a ſtruggle, but in a Pet tranſpoſe the Blame from our ſelves upon the Reaſons, and from that time hate and condemn all Argument, and by ſuch peeviſh Lazineſs forfeit the Benefits of Truth and Knowledge? — By Heav'n, ſaid I, this is a wretched Infirmity indeed. —Let us take ſpecial Care then (replies *Socrates)* that we do not fall into this Sickneſs of Judgment, to imagine that ſome Reaſons are not juſt and unſhaken, but rather let us believe our ſelves Erroneous and wanting in the Examination of them: Let us uſe our beſt Endeavours to attain a Solidity: 'Tis your Duty and every one's who are to live in the World, and it is no leſs mine, who am at the Point of Death: And who am in Fears, leaſt at this Inſtant I do not behave my ſelf like a true Philoſopher, but like a wrangling and obſtinate Diſputant, who whenever Doubts are to be remov'd does not directly aim at a true Solution of the Queſtion, but bluſters thro' a medley

ley of Arguments, and only labours to make his Poſitions ſeem plauſible to his Hearers: And I am afraid I only differ from thoſe Sophiſters in this, that my Scope is not only to draw over my Audience to my Principles (not that this Aim would be impertinent) but to convince my ſelf of the Solidity of my Aſſertions: Theſe are my Deſigns, my dear Friend, and obſerve the Advantages accruing from my Reaſons: If my Depoſitions are real Truths, 'tis worth my while to depend on them; if there ſhould be no Being after Death, yet by my believing otherwiſe, I ſhall not make you uneaſie with any Diſquiets, or Lamentations of mine at parting with this Being. But I ſhall not be now long under the Misfortune of this Suſpence, but be ſoon deliver'd from it: Upon theſe Preſumptions I am ready to undertake the Cauſe with you, *Simmias* and *Cebes*; and deſire you to pay no Regard to my Opinions, as 'tis *Socrates* ſpeaks, but as he ſpeaks the Truth; if this appear to you, I muſt expect your Conſent; if not, oppoſe me with all your Vigour; and let your Jealouſies prevent me thro' a Warmth of Argument from involving you in my Deceit, and flying away, like a Bee, with my Sting left behind: But to come cloſe to the Purpoſe.

If my Memory deceives me, ſays *Socrates*, in the ſtating your Objections right, pray lend me your Aſſiſtance: *Simmias*, I think, diſtruſts, and is in Fear for the Soul, becauſe, tho' of a more divine and nobler Eſſence than the Body, as it is a ſort of Harmony, it muſt periſh before the Body: But *Cebes* ſeem'd to admit the Soul to be more durable than the Body; but that there was no Certainty, but after its having animated ſeveral Bodies, it ſhould at length come to Diſſolution, and that this laſt Death is purely a Death of the Soul, for that the Body never ceaſes from Corruption: Is this the Subſtance, O *Simmias* and *Cebes*, of what I am to reply to?--- They admitting it was, he proceeded thus: Do you diſallow all my Arguments, or only ſome Part? ——Some we deny, ſaid they, but others we are willing to grant. —— But what ſay you then, (reply'd he) to my Aſſertion, that all Learning was Remembrance, the Reſult of

of which is, that the Soul muſt have had a Being ſomewhere before it was confin'd to a Body? — For my own part, ſays *Cebes*, I was wonderfully affected with it from the firſt Moment, and ſhall adhere to it as firmly as to my Principles. — I am no leſs wedded to it, replies *Simmias*, and ſhould think it ſtrange if I ever alter'd my Opinion. — But my worthy *Theban*, ſays *Socrates*, you will be under a Neceſſity of altering your Opinion, if you ſtick to your other Maxim, that the Soul is a kind of Harmony reſulting from the equal Temperature of Qualities that compoſe the Body: For you can never grant that ſuch Harmony is prior to the Matter whereof it is compounded. — By no Means. — You muſt be ſenſible then that you contradict your ſelf, when you own the Soul has an Exiſtence before its animating the Body; for then it muſt have a Being before thoſe Qualities, whereof it is compounded, did really exiſt. Nor is Harmony of the ſame Nature as the Thing to which you compar'd it: For the Harp it ſelf, the Strings, and even diſcordant Sounds, muſt precede the Being of Harmony, which is laſt produc'd, and dies firſt. How therefore does your Hypotheſis anſwer your firſt Argument. — Not at all, ſays *Simmias*. — And certainly a Diſcourſe, if ever, ought to be conſonant, where it treats of Harmony. But your Reaſons, *Simmias*, are at Variance with one another: Therefore you muſt make Choice of one of theſe Principles, either that *Learning* is *Remembrance*, or that the *Soul* is an *Harmony*. — I embrace the former, *Socrates*, reply'd *Simmias*. — For that Argument, ſays *Socrates*, made its Way by Demonſtrations that did not depend on Compariſons or Images which win over the Croud: And I look on all Proofs that are founded on Similes, to be precarious and empty, very apt to miſ-lead us, without the extremeſt Caution, even when deriv'd from Geometry, or any other of the Sciences. But my Aſſertion of Learning's being a Remembrance ſtands on a Foundation worthy to be credited: For I told you that the Soul had an Exiſtence ſomewhere before it was united to a Body, as being in its Eſſence related to that only which always is. And I flatter my ſelf, that this Principle was juſtly

and

and ſufficiently made out.—— So that (ſays *Simmias*) for thoſe Reaſons, for the Future, I muſt neither credit my ſelf nor any Body elſe that ſhould aſſert the Soul to be an Harmony.——What ſay you, *Simmias*? (replies *Socrates*) Can you ſuppoſe that Harmony, or any other compounded Eſſence can exiſt, but by the Particles wherewith it is compounded? No; nor can it either act or ſuffer, but in Conſort with thoſe Parts. Therefore we muſt admit it for a Conſequence, That the Harmony is not prior to, but an Effect of the Parts that make it up; and therefore likewiſe cannot have Motions or Sounds contrary to the Cauſes of ſuch Motions or Sounds: Does not all Harmony ſpring proportionably to the Temperature of its Parts?—(I do not well underſtand that, ſays *Simmias*) —— Will it not be more or leſs Harmony, as its Parts are more or leſs temper'd to a Conſonance?-----Certainly.-----Can we ſay the ſame thing of the Soul, that for a ſmall Difference in its Eſſence, one Soul is more or leſs a Soul than another?—— No.—— For God's Sake reſolve me then; Is a Soul fill'd with Wiſdom and Virtue call'd Good; and another, fill'd with Vice and Folly, call'd Evil; and have they not rightly theſe Epithets?—— 'Tis granted. —— What then will thoſe that maintain the Soul to be a Harmony, ſay of theſe Eſſences of Virtue and Vice in the Soul? That one is an additional Harmony, and the other an additional Diſcord: That the good Soul is in its Nature harmonious, and doubly ſo from its Virtue: And that the evil Soul is diſcordant, and without the ſecond Harmony.—— I have no Anſwer to make to this (ſays *Simmias*)——But 'tis evident to me, that whoever eſpouſes an Opinion of the Soul's being a Harmony, muſt have ſuch Notions.—— But, ſays *Socrates*, 'tis already agreed between us, that one Soul is not more or leſs a Soul than another; that is, that the Harmony of one Soul is not more nor leſs than the Harmony of another. And therefore what is not more or leſs a Harmony, is not more or leſs temper'd to Concord. And what is not more or leſs temper'd to Concord, can it be harmonious in a larger or ſmaller De-

gree,

gree, or all equally ſo?—In an equal Proportion.—Wherefore, as one Soul, in its Eſſence, cannot be more a Soul than another; ſo, of conſequence, one cannot be more equally temper'd than another.—True.—And ſince the Soul is of this Conſtitution, it is not endued with a greater Proportion of Harmony or Diſcord; nor poſſeſſes a larger Share of Virtue or Vice; if Vice is ſtated to be a Diſcord, and Virtue, Harmony. Now upon the foregoing Principles, *Simmias*, if the Soul be a Harmony, it cannot be affected with Vice: And when any Harmony is true and perfect, it cannot admit of Diſcord: Neither can a Soul in its Perfection admit of any Vice: For allowing the Premiſſes, how can it be? By this Rule therefore, the Souls of all Animals muſt be equally good, ſince by their Conſtitution they are equally Souls.—My Sentiments are entirely the ſame, *Socrates*, (replies *Simmias.*)—And does the Conſequence ſeem juſt and natural, upon allowing it to be true, That the Soul is a Harmony?—By no means.—What then? Of all the Parts that help to compoſe a Man, do you think any one more proper for Sway than the Soul, eſpecially if enrich'd with Wiſdom?—None.—But does it merit this Command, by giving Way to the Affections of the Body, or by reſiſting and overcoming all Paſſions? I ſay, for Inſtance, when we are parch'd up with Drought from a Feavour, does not the Soul caution and reſtrain us from Drinking? If we are craving after Meat, does it not forbid us to heighten our Diſtemper with Food? And in many other Caſes we find it reſiſting the Appetites of the Body: But did we not admit in the foregoing Arguments, that if the Soul were an Harmony, it could not emit Sounds contrary to the Nature of the Particles that either heighten'd or depreſs'd it, or gave it any other Motion; but muſt ſympathize, with what it is compos'd of; and that it muſt ſubmit to their Direction, and can never precede: But upon another Foot, is it not evident that the Soul has the Direction of all thoſe Qualities, whereof the preceding Argument pretends it is compos'd, that it acts in Oppoſition to them in the whole Courſe of its Actions, and controuls them in all kinds? Sometimes, like

a ſtrict Miſtreſs, does ſhe not inflict the Puniſhments of Exerciſe and Medicine on them, and at other times more mildly correct them with Menaces and Admonitions againſt fond Deſires, Paſſions and Fears, like a Being that argues with a different and more ignoble Eſſence, as *Homer* has judiciouſly repreſented it in his *Odyſſes*, where

The ſage Ulyſſes, *knocking at his Breaſt,*
In Counſels his reluctant Heart addreſt:
"*Bear up, my Heart, nor ſink beneath thy Fate,*
"*For thou haſt ſtruggled with a mightier Weight.*

Now do you ſuppoſe *Homer* put theſe Words into his Hero's Mouth, as believing that the Soul was an Harmony which could be controul'd by the Paſſions of the Body, and was not capable of managing or lording it over them; or rather as apprehending it of a far more divine Quality than any Harmony? —— I proteſt, *Socrates*, I believe *Homer* had that true Notion of its Eſſence, reply'd *Simmias*. —— Then there is no Ground, my very good Friend, (ſays *Socrates*) to imagine that the Soul ſhould be a Harmony; for in that we ſhould neither agree with the Divine Poet, nor yet with our ſelves. —— I ſubmit, ſays *Simmias*. —— Then, ſays *Socrates*, I have pretty well evicted your *Theban* Harmony: but how, or with what Addreſs, *Cebes*, ſhall I attack your *Cadmean* Argument? —— I ſcarce think you will be at a Loſs, replies *Cebes*; for you have defeated the Principle of Harmony to Admiration, which I little expected; for when I heard *Simmias* make his Objections, I thought it beyond the Poſſibility of Reaſon to turn his Argument upon him: And this Prepoſſeſſion confounded me, when I ſaw he was worſted by your very firſt Aſſertion: So that I ſhall ſcarce think it ſtrange now, that my *Cadmean* Exceptions ſhould make your ſecond Triumph: —— O ſpare my Applauſes, good *Cebes*, (reply'd the Philoſopher) leſt Envy ſhould attend them, and marr the Conſequences of my Diſcourſe. But be that as the Gods pleaſe, while Hand to Hand, as *Homer* expreſſes it, I put my ſelf on the Tryal of your Arguments:

ments: I think the Heads of what you would be convinc'd of are theſe:

That I ought to demonſtrate the Soul immortal, and incapable of Corruption; that ſo a Philoſopher might meet his Death with a confident Hope of more Happineſs in a future State, and not be deceiv'd by the abſurd Conjectures owing to his Philoſophy. But to prove that the Soul is a laſting and divine Eſſence, and that it had an Exiſtence before we were born, you ſay, is no Demonſtration that it muſt be eternal in its Nature, only that it is more durable than the Body, and was prior to it many Ages, endued with a Capacity of Action and Knowledge: But that it is not the more entitled to Immortality by theſe Conceſſions, but that its very Entrance into a humane Body, is as a Sickneſs to it, and the firſt Step to its Diſſolution; ſo that ſhe is haraſs'd and miſerable in the Union, and at laſt, when the Body dies, is totally annihilated. And you are of Opinion, that whether it animates the Body but once, or whether it paſſes thro' ſeveral Bodies, is no Conſideration to extenuate our Fears; but that all, but Idiots, muſt be under a continual Concern, as having no Knowledge or ſound Argument of its Immortality. Theſe are your main Objections, *Cebes*, and I have purpoſely dwelt on a Repetition of them, that I might have the whole Proſpect of your Reaſoning before me, and might give you a Power either of adding to, or taking from their Subſtance.—— I have no Deſign at preſent (ſays *Cebes*) of altering or adding to them; and you have ſumm'd up the whole of my Exceptions.

Socrates, after a pretty handſome Pauſe, having compos'd himſelf to Argument, It is no ſlight Task you require at my Hands, ſays he, *Cebes*; for to give you a perfect Solution, I muſt dive into the very Bottom and Cauſes of Generation and Corruption: If you'll give me leave, I'll tell you what Pains I have taken to this End; and then if any Part of my Diſcourſe tend to the eſtabliſhing the Probability of your Aſſertions, you are free to make Uſe of them. —— And I ſhall, ſays *Cebes*.——

Give

Give me your Attention then, replies *Socrates*: When I was very Young, *Cebes*, I was wonderful hot in the purſuit of that kind of Knowledge, which is call'd *Nature Hiſtory*: For I thought it the Perfection of Knowledge, that let me into the Cauſes of all Beings, their Productions and Decays, and the Reaſons of the ſame: I put my Spirits into a continual Hurry, with examining firſt into theſe Enquiries, whether Animals are not produc'd from a Putrefaction of cold and hot Qualities: Whether our Intellect is ſeated in the Blood, or whether it has its Source from Air or Fire; or if the Brain alone is the Agent and main Spring of the Senſes, of hearing, ſeeing, ſmelling; whether from hence we derive our Memory, and Sentiments; and if from a right Digeſtion of the Memory and Sentiments, our Knowledge has its Riſe: Then I apply'd my Thoughts to the Searching into their Diſſolutions; and the Accidents to which both the Heavens and Earth are ſubject; till after much Time and Pains loſt, I found my ſelf wholly unfit for theſe Studies. And I'll give you a clear Proof of this; I was ſo bewilder'd with theſe curious Contemplations, that both in my own and Friends Opinion, I began to unlearn thoſe things, which I before knew and could Account for, as particularly for the Growth of a Man: For before I thought it was evident to moſt People, it proceeded from his Food; for when by a right Digeſtion of Nouriſhment Fleſh was added to Fleſh, Bones to Bones, and proper Particles to every other Subſtance of the Body, a ſmall Bulk gradually ſhot up to a larger Size, and a little Man ſoon became more groſs. This was my Opinion; and does it not ſeem reaſonable?----- Indeed it does to me, ſays *Cebes*. ——Then obſerve me further, replies *Socrates*; I thought whenever I ſaw one Man taller by the Head than another, or one Horſe a Hand higher than another, I knew how it came to paſs: And it ſeem'd plainer to me yet, that Ten was more than Eight, becauſe Two Numerals are added to it; and that two Cubits were more than one, becauſe they exceeded the other by one half.----- And do you not form the ſame Judgement of theſe things, ſays *Cebes*, to this Day? —— So far different, by Heaven, (replies

(replies *Socrates*) that I do not think I know the Reaſon of one of theſe things, nor can pretend to convince my ſelf, that One being added to One, the Unit to which the other is ſo added, is ſwell'd to Two; or that the Additional Unit and the One to which it is tack'd, contribute together to make up Two by ſuch Conjunction. For I am puzzled that both theſe Units ſeparately are each reckon'd One, and not Two; and that being clapp'd together, this ſhould be the Cauſe of their becoming Two: Nor am I leſs at a loſs, that by dividing any one Number, this Diviſion ſhould be the Cauſe of its becoming Two: For this Effect is produc'd quite contrary to the former; the former working from the Conjunction of the Units, and the latter from the Diviſion or Separation of a Numeral: Nor how this One thing is produc'd, can I believe that I am ſenſible: Nay in ſhort, by the Light of that Science I have not been led to the Knowledge of one thing either why Created, how ſubſiſting or how diſſolved, but have been forced to apply Methods of my own, and not rely on its Informations. But when I heard one reading a Paſſage out of a Treatiſe of *Anaxagoras*, as he ſaid, where that Philoſopher aſſerts, that the Intellectual Eſſence is the Source and regular Diſpoſer of all Beings, I was extremely well ſatisfied with this Opinion; and thought it very agreeable to Reaſon that the Intellect ſhould be this Cauſe and Agent, and if ſo that the Intellect diſpos'd things in Order, I believ'd that every Species and Individual Subſtance was rang'd and diſpos'd in the beſt and moſt advantageous Condition. So that whoever had a mind to trace the Cauſe of any things Riſe, Exiſtence or Diſſolution, muſt conſider and examine in what Reſpects it was beſt for ſuch Thing to be produc'd, to exiſt, or to be diſſolv'd: And by this Rule, a Man had nothing further to conſider, relating to himſelf, or other Beings, than what would be reſpectively beſt and moſt uſeful: For the Diſcovery of this naturally leads him to the Knowledge of what is worſt and moſt unprofitable: Since both theſe Enquiries hang on the ſame Chain of Knowledge: After ſuch Revolutions of Thought, I grew Tranſported, at having found ſo great a Maſter in *Anaxagoras*, who would ſatisfie my ardent Deſires, and

inſtruct me in the true Cauſes of Things; who would tell me preciſely whether the Earth is flat or round; and then would ſubjoin me his Reaſons, of the Cauſe and Neceſſity why it muſt be ſo or ſo; becauſe it is beſt, and how, that it ſhould be ſo: Then if he aſſerted that the Earth was poiſed in the Centre of the World, he would demonſtrate to me, that it was beſt it ſhould have ſuch Poſition; and if he gave me Proofs of this kind, I was perſwaded in my ſelf I need ſearch no further after Cauſes and their Neceſſity: Beſides, I flatter'd my ſelf that I ſhould be reſolv'd in all my Doubts concerning the Sun, Moon and other Planets, as to the Celerity of their Revolutions, Conjunctions and other Accidents, and the Reaſon why every particular Movement and Diſpoſition was beſt: For I could not conceive, that when he propos'd in the Entrance of his Argument, to make out, that all created Beings were diſpos'd in their reſpective Stations by the Intellect, he would confine the Reaſons for this curious Method to this ſmall Compaſs, that every thing was beſt ſo and ſo; but that in giving us the Cauſe of any ſingle Product, as well as general Cauſes, he would inform us how any Diſpoſition was particularly commodious to ſuch Product, as well as wherein the common Good of General Cauſes was deſigned: Nor had I ſet a ſmall Value on this Dependance of my Hopes, but procur'd his Books and run them over with the ſtricteſt Diligence, as being Impatient to be taught what was the Advantage and Detriment of Beings. And purſuing his Lectures with ſuch mighty Expectation, I ſoon met with a Diſappointment, when I found he made no Uſe of the Intellect, nor aſſigned any other Cauſe for the nice Diſpoſition of things, but the Air, Water and Elements, and ſuch like abſurd and inconſiſtent Reaſons: In which Arguments he ſeems to me to have reaſon'd as weakly, as any one would, that ſhould aſſert all *Socrates*'s Actions flow'd from his Intellect; then by an Examination and laying down of Reaſons, he ſhould Maintain that the Cauſe of my ſitting down at this preſent, is becauſe my Body is compos'd of Bones, and Nerves; that the Bones are a ſolid Subſtance, and are ſocketted and diſpos'd in diſtinct Joints; but that the Nerves and Muſcles are of a Nature

Nature capable of Extenſion and Contraction, and that the Bones are wrapp'd up and incloſed with Fleſh and Skin: But that they having a freedom of Motion at their Joints, the muſculous Parts aſſiſt their Bendings and Extenſions, and give every Member a Faculty of ſeveral Poſtures; and ſo this is the Reaſon, that you ſee me thus crumpled upon this Seat; and in like manner if he would explain to you the Reaſons for my preſent Diſcourſe, he would aſſign you ſome ſuch Second Cauſes of a Voice, and the Air, and a Faculty of hearing, and ſo forth; and not ſay a Word of the real Source of it, that becauſe the *Athenians* have been pleas'd to condemn me, therefore in Submiſſion to their Decree, I ſit and expect the Execution of my Sentence; for I ſolemnly proteſt, that I believe theſe Bones and Nerves had ſought a ſafer Reſting-place either among the *Megarans* or *Bæotians*, if I would have been rul'd by them, and had not thought it more juſt and honourable to undergo the Inflictions which my own Country lays upon me, than to ſteal my ſelf privately from their Reſentments, and live in Exile: But to term theſe Properties the Springs of Actions, is abſurd to the laſt Degree; but if any one ſhould maintain, that without Bones and Nerves, and ſuch other Parts of this frail Compoſition, I could not have put any Deſigns of Flight in Action, the Aſſertion is juſt; but to aſſert that they are the Motives of my Deeds, while I act from my Intellect, and not the Choice of proceeding in what is beſt for them, is a very ſimple Argument: For it cannot diſtinguiſh, that the true Cauſe is one thing, and the Effect another, which is the Subſtitute of that Cauſe; and which the blinder part of the World, who only feel or perceive Objects at ſecond hand, and by other People's Eyes, miſconſtrue for the real Cauſe: By this means ſome have averr'd, that the Earth is ſurrounded with a Vortex, and ſupported by a continual Rotation of Matter in the very Centre of the World; others, that it lies flat on a broad Baſis of Air, as on a Diſh: But the Power and Energy by which it is thus diſpoſed for the beſt, they neither enquire after, nor imagine that it is from any Divine Influence: They fancy in their own fond Thoughts, they have found an abler and more Immortal *Atlas* to bear up the whole Maſs

of Matter; and the truly Good Connecter and Preſerver of this Uniformity, they look upon as a Fiction in Nature: But I would willingly have put my ſelf under any Body's Diſcipline, to be inſtructed in this great firſt Cauſe; but when I was depriv'd of ſuch a Bleſſing, and could neither attain it by Study or Inſtruction; if you are deſirous to know, I'll tell you how I embark'd a ſecond time in queſt of this Important Secret?------I could not wiſh for any thing more, replies *Cebes*.------When I had fatigued my ſelf with an importunate Scrutiny to no purpoſe, I began to think I ſhould beware of the Fate that commonly attends thoſe who pretend to fix their Eyes on the Sun in Eclipſe; for they are thereby darken'd for ſome time, and robbed of their Sight, nor can endure the Glare of it, but by Water, or ſome other ſmooth Object that will ſhew it them by Reflection: I was under Apprehenſions of a like Accident, leaſt my Soul ſhould be darken'd with poring after Objects with the Eyes of the Body, or attempting to know them by any of the Senſes: I found I muſt have Recourſe to Reaſon, and by her Direction purſue the true Eſſence of Things. But perhaps my Simile may not be truly proper; for I cannot abſolutely admit, that the Objects we view by our Reaſon are ſeen only by Reflection, and not in their actual Appearances: But, however, this was the Courſe I took: I made Reaſon my Foundation and ableſt Guide, and whatever appear'd Conſonant to her I looked upon to be true, and determin'd from it both on the Cauſes and Effects of Being; but what was not conformable to her I rejected as a Fallacy. But I'll give you a further Explanation of this, for I believe you do not fully comprehend me as yet. Upon my Faith, ſays *Cebes*, I do not take you readily.-----And yet, replies *Socrates*, I am upon no New Doctrine, but what I have all along, and even in our preceding Controverſie, maintain'd: For I am about to explain to you the Species of that Cauſe, which I have ſo buſily hunted after; to do which I muſt return, and begin my Arguments from thoſe Qualities which are a common Topick; laying it down for a Maxim, that there are ſuch real Eſſences as Beauty, Goodneſs, Magnitude, and the like; which if you grant, and go ſo far along with me, I hope by the Conceſſion to make

make Proof of the Cauſe, and diſcover to you the Immortality of the Soul.------But, ſays *Cebes*, you ſhall not ſtay for my Grant, to retard the Concluſion of your Point. ------Give your Attention then, ſays *Socrates*, to my enſuing Diſcourſe, and ſee if you agree to my Principles. For I am of Opinion, if there are any Objects of Beauty (excluſive of the Eſſence of Beauty,) their Charms are owing to, and derived from a Participation of that Eſſential Beauty: And I conclude of all other Qualities in the ſame Manner; do you concur with me in theſe Sentiments?------I do, ſays *Cebes*.------For I cannot conceive, ſays *Socrates*, or ſtretch my Underſtanding to thoſe other pregnant Cauſes that are aſſigned to theſe Effects. And if any one were to put the Queſtion to me, why ſuch a thing is handſome, and whether its Beauties do not ſpring from a Floridneſs of Complexion, or Symmetry of Features or the like: I drop all theſe ſpecious Reaſons (which do but amuſe and diſtract my Judgment) and by a ſhort and artleſs Deciſion, which perhaps is too Simple, reſolve it thus, That nought renders an Object beautiful, but the Preſence and Participation of the Eſſence of Beauty; by what ever Ways and Means it Approaches and Communicates it ſelf with the Object: For I do not preſume to aſſert the Methods; but only maintain in General that all lovely Things, are oblig'd for that Perfection to the Eſſence of Beauty: This Solution ſeems moſt ſatisfactory to my ſelf and to others; and as long as I embrace it, I believe I ſhall never be deceiv'd, but may ſecurely anſwer to my ſelf and all Enquirers, that beautiful Objects derive their Beauty from the very Eſſence of Beauty: That large Things owe their Bulk to Magnitude, and that ſmall Things are Minute from the Eſſence of Littleneſs: Do you agree to this? ——Certainly.—— Then you would never admit, that any one ſhould Maintain a thing larger or leſs by the Head than another; but would give them this Definition, that all large Subſtances owe their Proportion to Magnitude, all ſmall ones to Littleneſs; And be under this Suſpicion, as I conceive, that if you ſaid any thing was greater or leſs by the Head, your Expreſſion might be ſubject to Objections, as firſt that you aſſigned one Cauſe for the greater and the leſs Bulk; and at the

ſame time inferr'd, that the Head, which is but ſmall, makes the largeneſs of the greater; and that this would be a Prodigy, that Magnitude ſhould have its Riſe from Littleneſs; ſhould you not fear ſuch a Cavil? — (*Cebes* ſmiling, agreed he ſhould.) — Should you not with the ſame Caution aſſert then, Ten was more than Eight by Two, and that it owed its Superiority to that Cauſe, rather than to a Multiplication of Numerals: And that two Cubits are larger than One by the Half, rather than by the Magnitude: For is there not the ſame room for Exceptions? — The very ſame. — Or ſhould you not ſcruple to maintain, that upon One's being added to One, that Addition was the Cauſe of the Number becoming Two? Or any Number being ſplit, that the Diviſion was the Cauſe of that Duality? And ſhould you not more earneſtly exclaim, that you knew no other Cauſe of theſe Effects, but a Participation of that peculiar Eſſence, to which the Thing effected bears a Reſemblance? And that you knew no other Reaſon of One and One becoming Two, but a Participation of Duality, and how One is created but by a Participation of Unity? So that foregoing the nice Terms of Diviſions and Additions, and ſuch florid Quaintneſs, you ſhould leave them to wiſer Diſputants to uſe at Will; and fearing your own Shadow, or Ignorance (as the old Saying goes,) would you not adhere to your Principle, as the beſt Reply? And if your Antagoniſts ſtill diſpute the Reaſon of it, would you make them an Anſwer, or let them proceed, till you had weigh'd the Conſequences of the Arguments, and judg'd of their Conſiſtency one with another? But at laſt if you ſhould be reduc'd to ſtrengthen your Aſſertions with further Reaſons, would you not endeavour to have them Conformable, and that whatever Poſitions you advanc'd ſhould be well grounded, till your Reaſoning Search run back on a ſure and convincing Proof? Never confounding your Notions, as litigious Sophiſters do, when your Theme is on Cauſes and their Conſequences, if you would attain the true Knowledge of ſuch Things: For their Aim perhaps is not after Truth; but to ſhew a Capacity, and amuſe themſelves in a learned Confuſion. But you that would fill up the Train of True Philoſophers, I believe will follow

follow my Advice. —— To which both *Simmias* and *Cebes* voted a Conſent.

Eche. I proteſt, *Phædo*, and with a World of Reaſon they did ſo; for I think he has wonderfully explain'd his Reaſons and Meaning even to the Dulleſt Comprehenſion.

Phæ. Indeed, *Echecrates*, he gave all that were preſent Satisfaction.

Eche. I do not diſpute it; when we who were not preſent, but only hear his Arguments related, are convinc'd of their force. But how did he proceed?

Phæ. If I am not miſtaken, when they had agreed to *Socrates*'s Principle, and admitted that every Species or Quality had a real Eſſence, and that whatever Being participated thereof, deriv'd its Name from the Participation of that Quality; then *Socrates* put this Queſtion to them. If the Premiſſes are granted, when you ſay *Simmias* is bigger than *Socrates*, but leſs than *Phædo*, does not your Speech infer, that both Magnitude and Littleneſs are centred in the ſame Man *Simmias*? Yet you allow that *Simmias* is bigger than *Socrates*, but that the Poſition is not ſo infallible as it ſeems to be. Do you not? For *Simmias* cannot be ſaid to be bigger in being *Simmias*, but in being poſſeſs'd of Magnitude; nor *Socrates* leſs, becauſe *Socrates* is *Socrates*, but becauſe *Socrates* has Littleneſs in Compariſon of the other's Bulk; nor that he is Out-topp'd by *Phædo*, as *Phædo* is *Phædo*, but as *Phædo* has a Magnitude in Compariſon of *Simmias*'s Littleneſs. So that *Simmias*, is call'd both big and little, as being plac'd in the middle of theſe two Qualities, exceeding the Littleneſs of the one by Magnitude, and yielding to the others Magnitude by his Littleneſs. Here *Socrates* ſmiling, continu'd; I am afraid, I am too punctual, and tedious on this Argument, but it is as I ſay: And I have inſiſted thereon the longer, that it might be as plain to you as to my ſelf: I am perſwaded, that not only Magnitude it ſelf can ever be at the ſame time Great and Small, but even the Participation of Magnitude which is in us, cannot admit of Littleneſs, or is deſirous to be ſurpaſs'd; for either it flies and retreats when its contrary Littleneſs makes approach; or entirely periſhes, when once it has receiv'd it: And having

receiv'd it, does not covet an Alteration. Thus I having receiv'd a Participation of Littleneſs, while I am as I am, am in my ſelf Little. Now that which is big, can never admit of Littleneſs; nor the Quality of Littleneſs in us, of Magnitude. Nor does any of the Contraries, as long as it is it ſelf, decline into its Contrary, but on its Approach either retires, or is quite extinguiſh'd in the Operation.——I entirely agree to it, ſays *Cebes*. But ſome of the Company, tho' who by Name I do not recollect, cry'd out, Good Gods, did not we admit the quite Contrary to this Argument, in the foregoing Controverſie, that Magnitude was produc'd of Littleneſs, and Littleneſs of Magnitude, and that the Generation of every Contrary was from its Contrary: And now you ſeem to imply this as an Impoſſibility. ——*Socrates* leaning forward his Head, and liſtening to the Objection, reply'd: That it was very well remembred, but that the Objector did not diſtinguiſh between his former Arument, and what he now was advancing: For I firſt aſſerted, that Contraries ſpring from their Contraries; but now I am ſaying, that no contrary Quality, whether in our ſelves or the other Works of Nature, can ſubſiſt with its Contrary; then, my Friend, I was diſcourſing to you of Eſſences that had their Contraries, and explaining to you their Names and Definitions; now I am talking of things, that receive their Names from theſe inherent Qualities by a Communication with them; and which I ſay can never be ſuſceptible of their Contraries: Then looking upon *Cebes* he continu'd, Did the Objections which were ſtarted on this Head *Cebes*, give you any Diſturbance?——No, indeed; (replies *Cebes*,) I am ſo ſerenely diſpoſed, that I affirm to you very few things would diſquiet me.—— Then, ſays *Socrates*, we are come to a Concluſion on this Principle, that no Contrary can be Contrary to its ſelf: Therefore pray obſerve if we agree on the ſubſequent Article. Are we to call Heat and Cold any thing? ——Certainly——But are they like Fire and Snow?—— Not at all.——Then Heat is an abſtracted Eſſence and differing from Fire, and Cold an abſtracted Eſſence and differing from Snow: But I believe you are ſenſible, that Snow, while it is Snow, can never admit Heat, as

I above inferr'd: Nor is any longer the Snow it was, when Heat approaches it; but on its Attack, either ſhrinks, or is diſſolv'd. In the like manner Fire, when a cold Quality preſſes on its Eſſence, is either damp'd or quite extinguiſh'd, and cannot hold a Communication with Cold, and at the ſame time be the Fire it was. Now there are ſome Things, that not only preſerve their Denomination to their Species, but communicate it to an inferior Eſſence, that aſſumes its Form, and wears it, while it has a Being. Perhaps I ſhould be more particular in my Meaning: An Odd thing, for Inſtance, muſt always retain its Title: But my Enquiry is, whether that only has ſuch a Name; or whether ſome other thing that is not the real Eſſence of Odd, is not complimented with that Title, as well as its own peculiar Name, becauſe it is ordain'd by Nature never to be without Odds. Such as the Number Three, and ſo forth. But let us make that our Example. Are not you ſenſible that it always retains its own Name of Three, and is likewiſe called an odd Number? And yet the Eſſence of Odd; is not always like Three: But yet the Nature of Three, and Five, and all ſuch Identities of Number, is Odd, tho' they are not the very Eſſence of Odd: On the contrary, Two and, Four, and all Numbers under that Claſs, tho' they are not the Eſſence of Even, yet reſpectively are for ever Even Numbers. This I ſuppoſe you admit: Now therefore what I aim at from theſe Premiſſes, is this. That not only Contraries do not admit of each other; but likewiſe ſuch things as are not contrary to each other, (yet have their Contraries too) can never receive that Species or Figure, which is oppoſite to the Species they are poſſeſs'd of, but their Eſſence gives way and is drown'd in the Union: May not we ſay that Three would ſooner periſh, or any thing, than continue to be Three, and yet become an even Number? Yet two is not the Contrary of Three. So that not only Contrary Species's never receive one another, but likewiſe other things cannot tolerate the Ingreſs of an Oppoſite; Are you deſirous I ſhould endeavour to define this Propoſition to you?—With all our Hearts.—Is it not the Energy of Qualities, that where-ever they communicate themſelves, they oblige

oblige the Object not only to retain their Idea or Form, but likewiſe not to bear any Impreſſion of their Contrary?——How ſay you *Socrates*? Reply'd *Cebes*------No more than what I ſaid before; you know that whereever the Species of Three is centred, the thing muſt of Neceſſity not only be Three, but be Odd: And that this can never admit the approach of a Contrary to that Eſſence which conſtitutes it: Now Three wears the Figure of an odd Number; and its Contrary the Form of an even Number: Therefore the Form of Equality can never be intruded on Three; whereby Three is incapable of ever becoming Even, and is conſequently Odd: Therefore my Definition comes to this Point, that ſuch things, which are not really Contraries to another do not admit that other more than if it were a direct Contrary: Juſt as in the Caſe of the Number Three, which tho' it ſelf not contrary to Even, yet is incapable of becoming Even. For Two always brings a Contrariety with it to an Odd, as Fire to Cold, and a thouſand things in like manner. Now conſider therefore if you would not concur in this Definition, that not only Contraries are unſuſceptible of Contraries, but alſo of any Eſſence which brings a Contrariety with it to the Eſſence of the Thing it approaches, and by which Contrariety the thing approach'd would loſe its peculiar Form.——Pray, ſays *Cebes*, oblige me with a Repetition of this: For 'twill not be amiſs to hear it more than once.------The Number Five, replies *Socrates*, will never bear to be Even: Nor will Ten, which is twice as much, ever be Odd. For Even and Odd are Contraries, and can never admit of each other's Species: No more can any one Fraction of an Integral Number, admit the Figure of an Integer: Do you apprehend me in this, and agree to my Notions?----Both, ſays *Cebes*.---- Trace then this Argument with me, back to its Head, replies *Socrates*. And anſwer me to the Queſtions I ſhall put, not directly, but uſe me for your Guide, and reply to the Cauſes of Things: For I ſay that beſides the direct and true way of anſwering any thing I have ſpoken of already, there is another Method ariſing from the Premiſſes that is as true and direct in the End. For Inſtance,

ſtance, ſuppoſe you ſay to me; *Socrates*, what is it in the Body that makes it hot; I ſhould not give you this ſure but ſimple Anſwer, That it is Heat; but a more exquiſite one from the Cauſe, which is Fire. So if you ſhould ask me, what is it that makes the Body ſick; I ſhould ſcarce reply a Diſeaſe, but a Fever: Or what it is makes a Number Odd, I ſhould ſcarce ſay its Oddneſs but Unity: And ſo of other things. But do you obſerve now the Scope of my Diſcourſe? If ſo, tell me then, what muſt there be in a Body to make it live?--------A Soul--------And is this Soul always the ſame?--------Yes------And does the Soul animate, whenever it enters?------Undoubtedly-------Has this Life any Contrary, and what is it?------Death.-------But that the Soul can never ſubmit to an Effect Contrary to its own Operations, is admitted from the preceding Arguments. What was it which, we ſaid but now, would not admit of the Form of Even?----An odd Number.---What is it, is not capable of Juſtice, and Elegance?----Injuſtice, and Ruſticity.----How do we call that which is incapable of Death?----That which is Immortal:-----Now the Soul cannot die, and therefore the Soul is Immortal: Do you conſent that this is prov'd, or not?----Moſt fully, O *Socrates*.-----Well then, *Cebes*; if it was the Nature of an odd Number to be uncapable of periſhing, would not Three be then incorruptible? If whatever is without Heat, be incorruptible; tho' you ſhould apply Heat to Snow, would not the Snow eſcape ſafe, and unmelted? and not be diſſolv'd or admit the Impreſſions of Heat? In the like manner, as I conceive, if any thing is incapable of admitting Cold and Diſſolution, tho' extreams of Cold were to attack its Fires; it would neither be extinguiſh'd or diminiſh'd, but remain in it's full Force: We draw the ſame Inferences from an immortal Eſſence. For if whatever is Immortal, cannot die; 'tis impoſſible, that the Soul ſhould ſuffer by the approach of Death. For it is evident from what has been ſaid, that the Soul can neither admit Death, nor be diſſolv'd: No more than the Number Three, as I ſaid, can ever be Even; or any other odd Number, be capable of Evenneſs: Nor any more than Fire can be cold, or the heat which is in Fire be ſubject to Coldneſs.

neſs. But may it not be objected, that tho' an Odd Number, by the approach of an Even, will never melt into an Even, as it has been agreed among us, yet what ſhould hinder the Even's ſupplying the place of the Odd, after that has given way and renounc'd its Exiſtence? For I could not pretend to maintain, that the odd Number is not diſſolv'd or incorruptible in Nature. Did this appear to me, we ſhould eaſily make it evident, that on the prevalence of an even Number, the Odd or Three would quit its Poſt without hurt. We might aſſert the ſame of Fire and Heat, and other Inſtances: But of an Immortal Eſſence, if we are convinc'd that what is Immortal, is incapable of periſhing, of Conſequence the Soul, beſides its Immortality, is incorruptible. But if that Point be not granted, we ſhall want other Proofs: ——It cannot need further Demonſtrations, ſays *Cebes*; for what can be exempt from Diſſolution, if an Immortal and Eternal Being be liable thereto? ——Then all Men muſt acknowledge that God, and the Eſſence of Life, and whatever elſe is Immortal, are alſo Indiſſoluble.——Yes indeed, ſays *Cebes*, the World does not diſpute it. And the Gods, (ſays *Socrates*) I preſume, will much more agree to it. Since therefore what is Immortal is alſo Incorruptible, what ſhould hinder but that the Soul, being Immortal, ſhould not be liable to Diſſolution?-----'Tis a Neceſſary Conſequence.----Therefore when Death makes its attack upon a Man, all that is Mortal in him dies, as is evident; but the immortal Eſſence, being incorruptible, evades the Shock and retires unhurt: We muſt, my dear *Cebes*, allow the Soul to be of ſuch a Conſtitution; and then we muſt go further, and admit its Exiſtence in a future State:----I have no Objections, replies *Cebes*, to take off from the force of your Reaſons, *Socrates*: But if *Simmias*, or any other of the Company, has ought to except, he will do beſt not to diſguiſe his Thoughts. For if he ſhould procraſtinate his Doubts, I know not what future Opportunity he will have of being ſatisfy'd in them:----- But I have no manner of Scruples, ſays *Simmias*: Yet I muſt own that weighing the greatneſs of the Subject, and the frailty of human Nature, creates a kind of Diffidence in me of ſome of the Arguments.----- You ſay very well

Simmias,

Simmias, reply'd *Socrates*; for tho' my first Positions may seem to challenge your Credit, yet they ought to be contemplated with the extreamest Care; and when you have sufficiently sifted them, and enter'd into all their Meanings, you will subscribe your Sentiments to mine; and follow me as far as is possible for a Man to do: And when they once seem clear to you, you will never desire to search after other Reasons.

But we ought, my Friends, to take this Reflection along with us, that if the Soul be Immortal, she demands our Care of her not only for the time of this transitory Life, but the great Eternity that lies behind it: For we ought to think, that the danger of neglecting our Souls is grievous: For if Death were a Dissolution of the whole Man, the wicked would be Gainers by the entire Mortality, to be disengag'd at once from their Bodies, their Souls and all their weight of Sins: But as we are convinc'd of the Soul's Immortality, there is no avoiding the Ills of Futurity, nor any Safety after Death, but in embracing Wisdom and Uprightness here. For when the Soul retreats to the Regions below, it carries nothing with it, but its habitual Manners and Principles, and the Nature of these are believ'd to affect its Welfare or Unhappiness, from the Moment of its launching out into the Depths of Futurity: For 'tis a general Notion that the Souls of the Dying are conducted by the same Dæmon, or Genius, (that watch'd over them in this Being) to a certain Place where all Flesh must be assembled to Judgment, and after Sentence be led by the same Guide to their allotted Mansions in the World below; there undergoing the Doom that attends them, and waiting the destin'd Hour, after a long Period and Revolution of Years, they are reconducted to Life: but this Journey is not what *Telephus* in *Æschylus* represents it; for he says 'tis one direct and even Path that leads to the Regions below; but my Sentiments on the Matter are different; for a Guide would be unnecessary, since no body could mistake his Way in a continued Path; and therefore 'tis reasonable to suppose it has many Breaks and cross intricate Windings: which Opinion of mine is supported by the various Forms of our Rites and Sacrifices: Therefore a Soul, endued with Temperance aud Wisdom, readily

readily follows its Guide, and knows what it has to truſt to; but that Soul which is contaminated with the corporeal Appetites, as I have above hinted, and is attach'd to the Intereſts of the Fleſh by a long and ſervile Compliance to its Dictates, after many Sufferings, and much ſtruggling about this viſible Reſidence, is at length forcibly haul'd away by the Dæmon to whoſe Care it was committed; and when it arrives at the general Receptacle of Souls, if it goes unclean, and ſtain'd with Vices, if it has been provok'd to unwarranted Murthers, or run into ſuch Enormities as wicked and abandon'd Souls give way to, all the Spirits ſhrink from and avoid its Pollution, and not one is to be found conſenting either to bear it Company, or become its Conducter: Thus deſtitute of Society or Conſolation, it wanders about, 'till certain Periods of Time are accompliſh'd; and then, by a ſtrong Neceſſity, is tranſlated to an Abode only fit to receive its Guilt. But whoever ſpends his Days in Sanctity and Temperance, has the Gods for his Guides and Aſſociates, and goes to dwell with them in Realms of Joy and Tranquility. Numerous and wonderful are the ſecret Parts of this Earth: nor is the Soil juſt of that Nature or Extent as our Geographers fancy, I have been fully convinc'd by a learned Inſtructor. — How is that, *Socrates*? (replies *Simmias*,) I have heard many Lectures upon the Subject of our Earth, but am yet a Stranger to the Leſſon you have learn'd, and would gladly participate of it. — I ſhall not want the Art of *Glaucus*, I believe, ſays *Socrates*, to relate this Doctrine to you; but to prove the Truth of it, I reckon would be above all the Skill of *Glaucus*: It were a Task beyond my Capacity to attempt; and tho' I were capable, yet the Period of my Life is too near for me to enter on ſo extenſive a Syſtem: Yet no Conſiderations ſhall baulk me from giving you my Opinions concerning the Form and Parts of this Earthly World. — And we ſhall deſire no more, (ſays *Simmias*.) — I am convinc'd, (replies *Socrates*) that if the Earth be round, and in the Centre of the Æthereal World, it has no need of Air, or any other Baſis, to keep it from falling down; but the Heav'n being equally

equally circumfus'd, and the Earth exactly pois'd by it ſelf, is all the Support it requires: For any Thing that is juſtly pois'd, and in the Centre of any thing that ſurrounds it alike on every Side, can never verge or decline more to one Side than another, and therefore is ſtable, and reſts in its Poſition. Therefore theſe are the firſt Principles of my Belief.—— And well-grounded, ſays *Simmias.*——Moreover, replies *Socrates*, that the Earth is immenſe; and that we only inhabit from *Phaſis* to the *Herculean* Pillars, on a ſmall Part of it, like Ants and Frogs about Marſhes and Water; that many other Inhabitants are diſpers'd over other Parts of it, and that the whole Earth is full of Concavities of different Shape and Bigneſs, which are repleniſh'd with Water, and Clouds, and condens'd Air. That there is a pure Earth, which is lodg'd in the purer Element of Air, where the Stars are, and which by the Learned is term'd *Æther*: That our Earth is placed under this, and that its groſſer Particles are always flowing down into the Concavities: That we are lodg'd in its Caverns, and fondly imagine we dwell on the upper Parts and Boſom of the Earth; as if one that was in the Depths of the Sea, ſhould fancy himſelf on the Surface of the Water: and ſeeing the Sun and Stars thro' the Stream, ſhould miſtake the Reflection of thoſe Lights on the Sea to be the Firmament, and ſo thro' a Sloth and Weakneſs ſhould never lift up his Head, or emerge from the Flood, to diſcover the Difference between the Surface and the Bottom, or endeavour to be inſtructed therein by any one that knows better: 'Tis juſt the ſame Caſe with us, that dwell in the Bottoms of the Earth, and fancy our ſelves elevated on its Surface, and ſo miſcall the Air, a Heaven; becauſe thro' its liquid Element we diſcern the Stars to take their Motions; and this is owing to our Weakneſs and Indolence of Spirit, that will not permit us to aſpire to the Knowledge of the upper Element: If we would dart up to a Communication with thoſe Regions, or grow acquainted with them by Information, as Fiſhes, that by ſhooting above the Water, have a ſhort Proſpect of the Air we live in; ſo we ſhould view the Beauties of this purer Earth: And if our frail Nature could go through the Diſquiſition, we

ſhould

ſhould preſently diſtinguiſh that to be the true Heaven, the Genuine Seat of Light, and the truly pure Earth. For this Earth that we inhabit, its Stones, and every Part of its Compoſition, are corroded and conſum'd, as Things in the Sea are by the Salt Humours; nor is any thing produc'd in the Sea worthy of our Eſteem, or perfect in its Nature; but it is full of deep Holes, Sands, and Heaps of Mud, and all its Earth a naſty Slime, as far ſhort of the Beauties of our Earth, as they again are ſhort of the tranſcendent Excellencies of that purer Earth. Perhaps it may be worth your while, *Simmias*, to hear the agreeable Account I can give you of this upper Soil that is lodg'd in the Heavens.—— And I could hear it, ſays *Simmias*, with a Satisfaction equal to its Merits.——To begin then, my Dear *Simmias*, (replies *Socrates*) they ſay, that to ſurvey this Earth from an Eminence, it appears like a Ball cover'd with different Skins, and diverſified with twelve ſeveral Colours; but ſo very bright, that the Colours our Painters uſe, are but faint Imitations of their Splendor, ſo that the whole Soil is a Landſchape glittering with this gay Variety; with Streaks of Purple of a wonderful Luſtre; with Seams of dazzling Gold, and a Mixture of White, purer than our whiteſt Snows, and with all the other Colours in ſuch Vigour and Perfection, that we never ſaw the like here; the very Cavities of that Earth are filled with ſuch limpid Waters, and ſo liquid an Air, that they even ſhew like ſome beautiful Colour, and play ſo ſtrongly with the Reflections of all Colours, that they ſeem one Species, ever ſhifting its Habit: All the Products of that Earth are proportionably charming, its Trees, its Flowers, and its Fruits: The very Mountains and Stones are bright and tranſparent: Our Gems here of greateſt Price, Emeralds, Jaſpers, and Saphirs, and all our other Jewels, are but little pieces of the common Stones of that Earth; for there are none but ſuch there, tho' in greater Perfection: And the Reaſon of it is, that they are exempt from the Gnawings and Corroſions of Salts and Putrefactions, that fall from thence on us in a peſtilent Congregation, whereby our Stones, and Soil, and Plants, and Animals, are infected and diſtemper'd. But all that Earth

is

ſs imbroider'd with Gems, and Gold, and Silver; and numerous Products of Splendor, in ſuch immenſe Quantities, that it ſeems a Region to bleſs the Eyes of the Bleſſed. It is repleniſh'd likewiſe with living Creatures and Men, ſome that inhabit in the Centre, others in the Air, as we do about the Sea-Shores; and others that are planted in Sorts of Iſlands, not very diſtant from the Continent, and compos'd of Air: For the Air of that Climate does the Offices to them of our Seas and Water; and what is Air with us is an *Æther* there: Beſides, all their Seaſons are of that admirable Temper and Serenity, that they are long-liv'd, and never plagu'd with Illneſs. Nay, they as far tranſcend us in Sight, Hearing, Prudence, and all the Faculties of the Senſe and Intellect, as Air is purer than Water, and *Æther* than Air: They have likewiſe Groves and Temples for their Gods, which the Divinities actually honour with their Preſence, and whence they converſe with the Inhabitants by Oracles, Divinations, and all Remonſtrances of their Divine Familiarity. Their Sun, Moon, and Stars, appear to them in their genuine Eſſence; and in all other reſpects they are crown'd with Felicity conformable to theſe Inſtances. Such is the excellent Conſtitution of that Soil, and every thing belonging to it. Then there are in its Cavities large round Holes, ſome deeper and more expanded than the Country we inhabit; others that are indeed of an equal Depth, but leſs yawning; and others again wider, but not ſo deep: And theſe Holes have all a Communication with one another, by Vents and Paſſages of an unequal Width, thro' which great Stores of Waters are convey'd backward and forward the one to the other, and flow as into large Cups. And through the Pores of the Earth incredible Quantities of Water, both hot and cold Streams, are for ever running; and alſo large Rivers of Fire, and whole Torrents of Mud, ſome of a thick and ſome of a thinner and purer Nature, like thoſe Floods of Fire, and ſulphureous Matter that are thrown up out of Mount *Ætna* in *Sicily*: And theſe Rivers fill up all the Cavities, thro' which they flow; and hold their Courſe upwards and downwards, as if in a large Veſſel, running thro' the Earth,

which, in its Nature, ſeems to make one of the Abyſſes, and the very largeſt of them, and is open'd on both Sides: This *Homer* hath touch'd upon, when he ſays,

Far hence, where th' Earth's moſt deep Abyſſes yawn.

and in other Places, he, and others of the Poets have call'd it *Tartarus*; for into this Abyſs all the Rivers flow, and ſo out again: And all the Streams participate, and imbibe a Tincture of the Earth thro' which they run: And the Reaſon that they all have their Flux and Reflux thro' this Abyſs without Ceſſation is, that they meet with no Ground or Bottom: And therefore riſe and fluctuate, as alſo the Air and Vapours which accompany them do; for they follow the Waters either mounting above the Earth, or deſcending towards us: And as in the Office of Reſpiration there is a continual Emiſſion and Reception of Air, ſo there the Air, which, as I ſaid, accompanies the Stream in its Flux and Reflux, ſwells into vehement Winds: Now when the Waters are ſent into the lower Abyſs, they flow into all the Channels of the ſeveral Rivers, and fill their Stream, (as at a Well with two Buckets one fills while the other is drawn up to be emptied) and hurrying from that Abyſs, they diffuſe themſelves back into their Channels; and they being repleniſh'd, flow into the Sinks and Cavities of the Earth, and thence as they find proper Vents, they make Seas, Lakes, Rivers and Fountains: Thence gliding back again through the Earth, ſome by longer, and ſome by ſhorter Windings, they all flow afreſh into *Tartarus*; and all by a deeper Channel, than that by which they were ſent out of that Abyſs; and alſo on different ſides of the Lake, tho' ſome enter again on the ſame ſide. But ſome flowing round the Earth again and again, like Serpents writhing their Bodies into folds, at laſt throw themſelves into the Abyſs, and riſe up to the very middle thereof; which is the utmoſt of their Extent, becauſe the other half is higher than their Level: There are beſides many and vaſt Rivers, but four Principal ones. The largeſt whereof, and that which flows outermoſt round the Earth, is called Ocean. On the oppoſite ſide to this is the Stream of *Acheron*, which flowing through Deſart Places and

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Subterranean Cavities, flows at length into the *Acherusian* Marsh; where Numbers of the Souls of the deceased come, and stay certain destin'd Periods of Time, some longer, some shorter, and then are dispatch'd back to Animate the Bodies of Beasts. The third River flows between these Two, which disappearing not far from the Place where it rose falls into a prodigious Abyss, fill'd with Fire, where it Establishes a Marsh much larger than our Seas, whose Water and Mud boils; thence it rises thick and muddy, and winding round the Earth runs all along by the *Acherusian* Marsh without mixing with its Waters, and at length having made several Turnings under the Earth, flows beneath *Tartarus*; and this River is call'd *Phlegethon*, part of whose flaming Streams sometimes make Ruptures, and are seen to flow up above our Earth. Opposite to this, the fourth River breaks out, and as 'tis said falls into a Place of Wildness and Horror; the Soil whereof is of a bluish Colour and call'd the *Stygian*, and here the River forms the Lake of *Styx*; and its Waters absorbing dreadful Qualities from thence sink into the Earth, and taking several turns meet the Stream of *Phlegethon* on the opposite side in the *Acherusian* Marsh. But it does not mix its Waters with either of These, but whirling round contrary to *Phlegethon* breaks into *Tartarus*. This River the Poets call *Cocytus*.

Now Nature having made this dreadful Disposition in her Works, when the dead arrive at such Place, as they are conducted by their respective Dæmons they are there judg'd, both those who have liv'd with Sanctity and Justice, and they who have yielded to the Impressions of Vice: And thereupon whoever are found to have observ'd some Decency in the Course of their Actions, are convey'd to *Acheron* in proper Vehicles ready for the purpose, and set down at the Lake: where they must stay to be purged, and suffer for the Crimes they have committed; and after such Purification are absolv'd, and receive Rewards suitable to the Merits of their good Actions: But they who, thro' the Grosness and Number of their Offences, have been guilty of Sacriledges, Murthers, and such other notorious Sins as seem to admit of no Expiations, are by a Doom suitable to their

Crimes forthwith plung'd into *Tartarus*, never to be redeem'd from thence. Others who have ſtepp'd into Deep, yet Venial Crimes (I mean ſuch as who in heat of Paſſion have been Outragious to their Parents, and yet ſeiz'd with a ſudden Repentance, have ſtrove to make up for their Offence in future Acts of Piety, or ſuch who have in a like hurry of repented Paſſion kill'd a Man) muſt of Neceſſity be thrown into *Tartarus*, but after a Years Continuance in that State of Horror, are thrown out by the Tide; the Murtherers through *Cocytus*, and the Diſobedient Offenders through *Phlegethon*; whence they are reſorb'd to the *Acheruſian* Lake, where they cry out and invoke the Spirits of thoſe they have murther'd or injuriouſly Invaded, and with ſubmiſſive Sorrow and Prayers endeavour to deprecate their Crimes, and be ſuffer'd to enter the Lake; which if permitted, they plunge thro', and therein find an End of their Sufferings: But if they fail of ſuch Permiſſion, they are reſum'd through the ſame Rivers back into *Tartarus*, and can have no Ceſſation of Torments, till they prevail on the Ghoſts of the Injur'd to ſeal their Pardon: For this is the ſtrict Tenor of their Sentence: But they who have liv'd in a Courſe of exemplary Piety, are releas'd from theſe ſubterraneous Priſons, and are exalted to Habitations in the pure and upper Earth; and whoever of them have been purified by the Practice of Philoſophy dwell there Eternally without the clogg of a Body, in Manſions of more elevated Beatitude, whoſe Charms are almoſt Inexpreſſible, and eſpecially by my ſmall Remnant of Life. Wherefore, *Simmias*, upon theſe Motives we ſhould labour to the utmoſt of our Strength to cheriſh Principles of Virtue, and lay out the Studies of our Lives to attain true Wiſdom; ſince the Recompence is ſo Noble, and of ſo mighty Expectation: For though no Man in his right Senſe ought Peremptorily to maintain that the Scene of Futurity directly Anſwers to the Copy I have drawn you of it, yet that the Circumſtances and Abodes of our Souls hereafter will be in a manner ſuch, (if that the Soul proves as Immortal as I conceive it) I think I ought to avow, and in that Aſſurance to think it worth my Hazard. For the Trial is promiſing, and we ought to dedicate our Hopes and Endea-

Endeavours to it. And for this Cauſe I have protracted my Diſcourſe on the Subject. And that Man may have good Grounds of ſuch Felicities for his Soul, who neglecting the Pleaſures and Cultivation of the Body as foreign to his purpoſe, thinks he has a better Work to perform: To purſue with Diligence the Pleaſures which are purchas'd by Knowledge, and to deck his Soul with its true Ornaments of Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Liberty and Truth, and in that Garb to put it in a Readineſs for its Voyage, againſt the time Fate ſhall require its Preſence: And you, *Cebes* and *Simmias*, and all theſe other Friends that are here, muſt drop off in your appointed Hours. As for my ſelf, (as the Tragedian would expreſs it) I'm ſummon'd by my Fate; and the Time preſſes on me to go Bathe; for in my Opinion 'tis better to waſh before I drink the Poiſon, and ſave the Women the Labour of doing it when I am dead.

Socrates ſaying thus, *Crito* immediately reply'd: O *Socrates*, do as you pleaſe; but what Orders have you for me or any of us in relation to your Children, or other Affairs? Or what can we do to oblige you in your laſt Moments? — I have no new Injunctions for you, ſaid *Socrates*, but as I always have recommended to you, take Care of your ſelves, and then all your Actions will prove acceptable to me and mine, as well as to your ſelves, though you ſhould not promiſe Services. But if you neglect your own Intereſts, and do not walk in thoſe Paths I have formerly directed you, much leſs would you perform what you now ſhould promiſe — Your Precepts (ſays *Crito*) ſhall be the Care of our Lives; but how do you Order us to Bury you? — Juſt as you pleaſe, (reply'd *Socrates*) if you can catch me, and that I do not ſlip from your Hold. Then with a Smile, addreſſing himſelf to us; I cannot, my Friends, make this *Crito* conceive, that I am *Socrates* who have been in Conference with you, and digeſted my Diſcourſe into a Method; but he will miſtake me for that which anon you will find a lifeleſs Carcaſs: And therefore he asks, how I would be Buried. For I have been ſtriving by many Arguments to convince you, that as ſoon as the Poiſon has done its Office, I ſhall be no longer amongſt you, but retir'd to the Manſions of the Bleſſed; and though

though I have labour'd to comfort you and my ſelf in this Manner, my Diſcourſe has had no effect on *Crito*: Pray, Sirs, enter into Articles for me with his Incredulity, not for my forth-coming, as he bail'd me againſt my Tryal, but rather that I ſhall be quite gone, as ſoon as ever I am dead, that *Crito* may bear my Death with leſs Concern, and not imagine I am in any Miſery when my Body is either laid in the Ground, or on the funeral Pile. And that he may not ſay, Now *Socrates* is laid out, now he is carried forth, and now he is laid in the Grave: For depend on it, my dear Friend *Crito*, that ſuch wrong Expreſſions are not only a Fault in themſelves, but likewiſe dangerous to the Soul: You muſt have a nobler Confidence, and may ſay my Body is buried; for *that* you may diſpoſe of at your Pleaſure, and as the Cuſtoms of the Place require.

Having ſaid thus he roſe up, and went into a Chamber in order to Bathe. *Crito* attended him in, and he directed us for to wait his Return: We accordingly ſtay'd without, and diſcanted upon the Topicks of his Arguments; and condol'd with one another the Calamity that attended us; and that we muſt hereafter live as Orphans depriv'd of the beſt of Parents. As ſoon as *Socrates* had done Bathing his Children were brought to him; for he had two ſmall Boys and one ſomething older; and likewiſe the Women of his Family came to him. When *Socrates* had ſpoke to them in the Preſence of *Crito*, and given them his laſt Orders; he directed the Women and Children to be ſent away, and about Sun-ſetting return'd to us; for he had ſpent a conſiderable Time in the Inner Room. He had not been long come back, or ſaid much to us, before the Officer came from the Eleven Magiſtrates; who making his Approach to *Socrates* told him, I have obſerv'd a Behaviour in you, *Socrates*, far different from all my other Priſoners; for they Storm and Curſe at me, when I tell them my Commiſſion from the Magiſtrates, and that 'tis Time they ſhould drink their Poiſon: But I have found you moſt Generous, moſt Gentle, and the beſt of Men that ever came under ſuch unhappy Circumſtances: and at this Time I am aſſur'd you will bear me no Enmity, but thoſe, whom you know to be the Cauſes and Authors of your Ruin; you are not Ignorant of the Import

port of my Meſſage; have Courage therefore, and call up all your Spirits to ſupport you under this fatal Neceſſity. The Fellow having ſaid thus retreated with Tears in his Eyes. *Socrates* looking upon him, bid him farewel, and told him, he would follow his Advice; and then turning to us, What a wonderful Good Nature (ſays he) is there in that Man! Nor is this the only Inſtance he has given me of his Candour, but has frequently been my Companion during my Confinement, and been moſt Tender to me; and now with what Sincerity he wept for me? But, *Crito*, let me obey my Sentence, and if the Poiſon be prepared, let it be brought; if not, let that Man mix it for me. —— But, *Socrates*, (ſays *Crito*) I think the Sun is not yet down, but ſhines behind the Mountains: And I have known ſeveral, after the Orders have come, have delay'd drinking the Poiſon for ſome time, have eat and drank plentifully, and been indulg'd in whatever they deſired. Wherefore be not haſty, as there is Time enough before you. —— *Socrates* reply'd to this, *Crito*, perhaps thoſe Men have their Reaſons, and every Moment they ſpin out in ſuch Delays is ſo much time gain'd to them: But I have a different Proſpect before me; I do not propoſe the Time gain'd in retarding the Draught; but ſhould only be a Jeſt to my ſelf in doing ſo, in becoming fond and ſparing of a Life that is now running to the very Dregs: So pray let me be obſerv'd, and give me my Way: *Crito* upon this gave the Sign to a Lad that was at Hand; who going out, after a ſhort Stay, return'd with the Officer who bore the Poiſon mix'd in a Chalice. *Socrates* looking upon the Bearer, Give it me, (ſaid he) my good Friend, and with it your Inſtructions what I am to do. —— You have nothing to do (reply'd the Man) but to walk after drinking it, till you feel it begin to operate in your Legs, and then to lye down. He gave *Socrates* the Cup, who receiv'd it with a chearful Air, *Echechrates*, and without the leaſt Confuſion or Change of Countenance, but looking earneſtly on the Fellow, as it was his Cuſtom to do, ask'd him if he might not make a Libation of that Liquor. But being told there was but juſt ſo much mix'd as would ſerve to diſpatch him. —— I underſtand you, ſays he, but I may and ought to pray to the Gods to make my Journey happy; this I do heartily beſeech

ſeech of them; and may they bleſs me in the Change: At theſe Words he liſted it up to his Head, and without the leaſt Reluctance drank off the Poiſon.

We had all hitherto made a Shift to keep in our Tears; but ſeeing him take the Mortal Draught, we could no longer bridle our Sorrow, and it got to ſuch a Head over me, that I was almoſt drowned with my Tears; and covering my Face, I did not ſo much bewail his as my own Fate, in being robb'd of ſo excellent a Friend: *Crito*, who had got the Start of me in Paſſion, not being able to ſtop his Tears, roſe up: But *Apollodorus*, who had wept during the whole Conference, now gave a Looſe to his Tranſports of Grief, and exclaim'd, and cry'd out ſo bitterly, that he put us all but *Socrates* in the extreameſt Anguiſh: But he ſaid, What are you doing, my Friends? You ſurprize me. I ſent the Women away for no other Reaſon, but that they ſhould not diſcompoſe me with their Wailings; and I have learn'd that I ought to die in Tranquility. Therefore be quiet, and ſhew your ſelves Men. We were aſham'd of being thus reprimanded, and dry'd up our Tears.

Socrates, as ſoon as he found his Legs begin to ſtiffen, lay down on his Bed, as the Officer had directed him; who preſently came and felt his Feet and Legs, and ſqueezing him pretty hard, ask'd him if he could feel it: To which *Socrates* reply'd, No: Then preſſing his Ancles, and gradually moving up his Hand, he ſignify'd to us, that *Socrates* grew cold and was dying upwards apace, and that when the Poiſon reach'd his Heart he would expire; and that all his Belly was already froze. Then uncovering his Face, (for he before had cover'd it) *Socrates* utter'd theſe laſt Words, *Crito*, *I owe a Cock to* Æſculapius, *do not neglect to pay it for me*: *Crito* promis'd to do it, and ask'd if there was any thing elſe he would have perform'd; but receiv'd no Anſwer from *Socrates*, who ſoon departed; for the Man, uncovering his Face, found his Eyes fixt, which *Crito* perceiving, clos'd his Eyes and Mouth.

Such was the Exit of our Friend, *Echecrates*; a Man, in my Judgment, of the moſt exalted Goodneſs, Wiſdom, and Juſtice that ever I met with.

FINIS.